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THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH
NOTES,
BY
JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

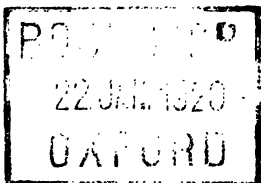
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VOL. XII.
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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,
ROMEO AND JULIET.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY J. MORGAN AND T. S. MANNING.

1809.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

VOL. XII.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. *Pope.*

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make no doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of his play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage. Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*." *Steevens.*

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602.

Malone.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays; but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. *Pope.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

We may learn, from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival play-houses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his Preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." *Steevens*.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the craft of authorship, but to show the price which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the name of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. *Collins*.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a late editor, [Mr. Capell] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either unknown or forgotten. It does not however appear in the list of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. *Farmer*.

I have consulted at least twenty copies of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any of them. *Steevens*.

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer to an ever Reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [*r. that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that she most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [*r. it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.¹

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,² their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,³
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilius, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,⁴

¹ I cannot regard this Prologue (which indeed is wanting in the quarto editions) as the work of Shakspeare; and perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Con-dell, till after the first folio was almost printed off. On this subject, indeed, (as I learn from Mr. Malone's *Emendations and Additions*) there seems to have been a play anterior to the present one:

"April 7, 1609. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers, & harey cheattel, in earnest of ther boocke called *Troyeles and Creassedaye*, the some of iii lb."

"Lent unto harey cheattell, & Mr. Dickers, [Henry Chettle and master Decker] in pte of payment of their booke called *Troyelles & Cresseda*, the 16 of Aprell, 1599, xxs."

"Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called *Troyelles and Cresseda*, the some of xxs." *Steevens.*

² *The princes orgulous,*] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

"His atyre was *orgulous*." *Steevens.*

³ — *Priam's six-gated city, &c.*] The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate shows that was an error of the printer. *Malone.*

Sperr up the sons of Troy.⁵

⁴ —fulfilling bolts,] To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V, fol. 114:

“A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
“*Fulfilled* of all curtosie.”

Again:

“*Fulfilled* of all unkindship.” *Steevens*.

To be “*fulfilled* with grace and benediction” is still the language of our liturgy. *Blackstone*.

⁵ Sperr up the sons of Troy.] [Old copy—*Stirre*.] This has been a most miserably mangled passage throughout all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's six-gated city stirre up the sons of Troy?—Here 's a verb plural governed of a nominative singular. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said to stir up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy: and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *Speren*, signifies to shut up, defend by bars, &c. *Theobald*.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book V, c. 10:

“The other that was entred, labour'd fast

“To *sperre* the gate” &c.

Again, in the romance of *The Squyr of Low Degre*:

“*Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynne.”

And in *The Vision of P Plowman*, it is said that a blind man “*unsparryd* his eyne.” *Steevens*.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

“Dardan, and Thymbria, *Iliæ Scæa*, Trojan,

“And Antenorides.”

But had he looked into the *Troy Boke* of Lydgate, instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors:

“Thereto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne

“Had gates VI to entre into the towne:

“The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,

“Largest also | and most princypall,

“Of myghty byldyng | alone pereless,

“Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes*;

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,⁶—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt⁷ and firstlings⁸ of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

"And in storye | lyke as it is founde,
 "Tymbria | was named the seconde;
 "And the thyrd | called *Helyas*,
 "The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetheas*;
 "The fyfthe *Trojans*, | the syxth *Anthonydes*,
 "Stronge and mighty | both in werre and pes."

Lond. Empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, fol. B. II, ch. 11.

The *Troie Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men.*—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other critics, have erroneously quoted as the original; and observe, in consequence, that "if Chaucer's coin were of greater weight for deeper learning, Lydgate's were of a more refined standard for purer language: so that one might mistake him for a modern writer." *Farmer.*

⁶ A prologue arm'd,] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

Johnson.

Motteux seems to have borrowed this idea in his Prologue to *Farquhar's Twin Rivals*:

"With drums and trumpets in this warring age,

"A martial prologue should alarm the stage." *Steevens.*

⁷ — the vaunt —] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. So, in *King Lear*:

"Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts." *Steevens.*

The vaunt is the *vanguard*, called, in our author's, time the vaunt-guard. *Percy.*

⁸ — firstlings —] A scriptural phrase, signifying the first produce or offspring. So, in *Genesis*, iv, 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock." *Steevens.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, *king of Troy* :

Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,

} *his sons.*

Æneas,
Antenor,

} *Trojan commanders.*

Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Pandarus, *uncle to Cressida.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian general* :

Menelaus, *his brother.*

Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,

} *Grecian commanders.*

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; servant to Paris; servant to Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek soldiers, and attendants.

SCENE,

Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,⁹ I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?¹

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,²
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder³ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

⁹ — *my varlet,*] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "—diverse were releev'd by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of Saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,

"Tout dis-armé et tout di-pret,

"Avec son espé et salloche," &c. *Steevens.*

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes à jouer*. Lyon, 1757, p. 61. *M. C. Tutet.*

¹ *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the interlude of *King Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet this geere be amended,

"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" *Steevens.*

² — *skilful to their strength, &c.*] i. e. in addition to their strength. The same phraseology occurs in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII, p. 15, n. 4. *Steevens.*

³ — *fonder* —] i. e. more weak, or foolish. See Vol. IV, p. 382, n. 8. *Malone.*

And skill-less⁴ as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench⁵ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?⁶

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)⁷

⁴ *And skill-less &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. *Johnson*.

⁵ *Doth lesser blench*—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

“—if he but *blench*,

“I know my course —.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“—men that will not totter,

“Nor *blench* much at a bullet.” *Steevens*.

⁶ — when *she comes*!—When is *she thence*?] Both the old copies read—*then she comes*, when *she is thence*. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. *Malone*.

⁷ — a storm,)] Old copies—a *scorn*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

See *Ling Lear*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens*.

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :^{*}
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but —

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
 Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,^o

^{*} — in wrinkle of a smile:] So, in *Twelfth Night*: "He doth smile his face into more lines than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." *Malone*.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come." *Steevens*.

^o Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, &c.] *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The beauty of a female hand seems to have made a strong impression on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

" — To let a fellow that will take rewards,
 " And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
 " My playfellow, your *hand*,—this kingly seal,
 " And plighter of high hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" — they may seize
 " On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*."

In *The Winter's Tale*, Florizel, with equal warmth, and not less poetically, descants on the hand of his mistress:

" — I take thy hand; this hand
 " As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
 " Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow
 " That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

This passage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

*Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice*

In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman!¹ This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
 But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Handlest in thy discourse;—O that her hand!

In whose comparison, &c.

We have the same play of words in *Titus Andronicus*:

“O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

“Lest we remember still, that we have none!”

We may be certain therefore that those lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. *Malone*.

If the derivation of the verb to *handle* were always present to those who employed it, I know not well how Chapman could vindicate the following passage in his version of the 23d *Iliad*, where the most eloquent of the Greeks (old Nestor) reminds Antilochus that his horses

“—their slow *feet handle* not.”

The intentionally quaint phrase—“*taste your legs*,” introduced in *Twelfth Night*, is not more ridiculous than to talk of horses—“*handling their feet*.”

Though our author has many and very considerable obligations to Mr. Malone, I cannot regard his foregoing supposition as one of them; for in what does it consist? In making Shakespeare answerable for two of the worst lines in a degraded play, merely because they exhibit a jingle similar to that in the speech before us. *Stevens*.

¹ — and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman!] In comparison with Cressida's *hand*, says he, the *spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitationes*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:

—spite of sense:

Hanmer,

—to th' spirit of sense.

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense*; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. *Johnson*.

Spirit of sense is a phrase that occurs again in the third Act of this play:

“—nor doth the eye itself,

“That most pure *spirit of sense*, behold itself.”

Mr. M. Mason (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) recommends Hanmer's emendation as a necessary one. *Stevens*.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.²

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, and she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father;³ let her to the Greeks; and

² — *she has the mends* —] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks. *Johnson.*

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bargain.* This is a proverbial saying.

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*"

Again, in *S. Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of stripes, and his hands laden with his own amendes."

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chase*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's."

Again in *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 605: "—and if men will be jealous in such cases, the mends is in their owne hands, they must thank themselves." *Steevens.*

³ — *to stay behind her father*;] Calchas, according to Shakespeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) answered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent bishop followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. *Malone.*

so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part,
I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit PAN. An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium,⁴ and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.⁵

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?⁶

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,⁷

⁴ — *Ilium,*] Was the palace of Troy. *Johnson.*

Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that
of the country. *Steevens.*

⁵ — — — — — *this sailing Pandar,*

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in *The Merry
Wives of Windsor*:

“This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;

“Clap on more sails,” &c. *Malone.*

⁶ *How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?*] Shakspeare, it
appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* im-
properly as a dissyllable; as every mere English reader does at
this day.

So also, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swoonds.”

Malone.

⁷ — *sorts,*] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. So, in *King Henry V*:
“It *sorts* well with thy fierceness.” *Steevens.*

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, *Aeneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, *Aeneas*?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,^s to-day was mov'd:

^s — *Hector, whose patience*

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,] Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:

Is as the virtue fix'd,—

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So, we find Troilus a little before saying:

"Patience herself, what goddess ere she be,

"Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do."

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgment to:

"—whose patience

"Is fix'd like that of heaven."

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed. *Warburton.*

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,⁹
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,¹

— *Hector, whose patience*

Is all a virtue fix'd, —

All, in old English, is the intensive or enforcing particle. Johnson.

I had once almost persuaded myself that Shakspeare wrote,

— *whose patience*

Is, as a statue fix'd.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*, sc. ult:

"The statue is but newly fix'd."

The same idea occurs also in the celebrated passage in *Twelfth Night*:

"— sat like patience on a monument."

The old adage—Patience is a virtue, was perhaps uppermost in the compositor's mind, and he therefore inadvertently substituted the one word for the other. A virtue fixed may, however, mean the stationary image of a virtue. Steevens.

⁹ — *husbandry in war,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"There's husbandry in heaven." Steevens.

Husbandry means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in *King Henry V*:

"— our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,

"Which is both healthful and good husbandry." Malone.

¹ *Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,*] Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour? Mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's *Jerusalem*:

"The other princes put on harness light

"As footmen use —."

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd light? Was any thing like it? But, to get out of this perplexity; he tells us, that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to harness-dight. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will, at any time, let the poet's sense through the critic's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up what is left behind, and reads harness-dight too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, to make all construction unnecessary. Warburton.*

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot.

Johnson.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep² what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,³
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions;⁴ he is as valiant as the lion,

their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games; as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horse-back; and it should be remembered that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of King Priamus. Our author, however, might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the *Iliad*, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus, Book VI, speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

"— from horse then both descend." *Steevens.*

If Dr. Warburton had looked into *The Destruction of Troy*, already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their horses by the prowess of their adversaries. *Malone.*

² — where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep —] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II, p. 410:

"And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

"Lamenting" &c. *Steevens.*

³ — *per se*,] So, in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:

"Of faire Cresseide the floure and a *per se*

"Of Troie and Greece."

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love the *a per se a*."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all." *Steevens.*

churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly,⁵ his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:⁶ He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?⁷ When were you at Ilium?⁸

⁴ — *their particular additions;*] Their peculiar and characteristic qualities or denominations. The term in this sense is originally forensick. *Malone.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — whereby he doth receive

“ *Particular addition*, from the bill

“ That writes them all alike.” *Steevens.*

⁵ — *that his valour is crushed into folly;*] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. *Johnson.*

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ *Crush him together*, rather than unfold

“ His measure duly.” *Steevens.*

⁶ — *against the hair:*] Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The French say—*d contrepoil*. See Vol. VIII, p. 294, n. 6. *Steevens.*

See Vol. III, p. 77, n. 5. *Malone.*

⁷ *Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?*] *Good morrow, Alexander,*

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

is added, in all the editions, (says Mr. Pope,) very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage. Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *in ydus*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late editor, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common varlet. *Theobald*.

This note is not preserved on account of any intelligence it brings, but as a curious specimen of Mr. Theobald's mode of animadversion on the remarks of Mr. Pope. *Steevens*.

* — at Ilium?] *Ilium*, or *Ilion*, (for it is spelt both ways) was, according to Lydgate, and the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV, sc. v, on the words—"Yon towers," &c. *Malone*.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —— 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above;⁹ Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit¹ this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief,

⁹ *Well, the gods are above;]* So, in *Othello*: "Heaven's above all." *Malone*.

¹ —— *his wit —]* Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek,² indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,³—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?⁴

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

² — a merry Greek,] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. *Steevens*.

The expression occurs in many old English books. See Act IV, sc. iv:

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks." *Malone*.

³ — compassed window,] The compassed window is the same as the bow-window. *Johnson*.

A compassed window is a circular bow window. In *The Taming of the Shrew* the same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown: "— a small compassed cape." *Steevens*.

A coed cieling is yet in some places called a compassed cieling. *Malone*.

⁴ — so old a lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a thief, by Greene, in his *Art of Cony-catching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Ben Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."

Again, in Holland's *Leaguer*, 1633: "Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*." *Steevens*.

Hlifu, in the Gothick language, signifies a thief. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V, p. 311, *Blackstone*.

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, ——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.⁵

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on 'Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,*⁶ quoth he, *and one white: That white*

⁵ —— *her eyes ran o'er.*

Cres. With mill-stones.] So, in *King Richard III.*

“Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes drop tears.”

Malong.

⁶ *One and fifty hairs,]* [Old copies—*Two and fifty.*] I have ventured to substitute—*One and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?

Theobald.

hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.⁷

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.⁸

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,⁹ I can

⁷ — that it passed.] i. e. that it went beyond bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Why this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida plays on the word, as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation. *Steevens.*

⁸ — an 'twere a man born in April.] i. e. as if 'twere, &c. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

The foregoing thought occurs also in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,

"And these the showers to bring it on." *Steevens.*

⁹ That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,]

"Antenor was ———

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent

tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.¹

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

“To jest, when as he was in companie,
 “So driely, that no man could it espie;
 “And therewith heid his countenance so well,
 “That every man received great content
 “To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
 “When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
 “For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
 “Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”

Lydgate, p. 105.

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor, to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:

“*Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.*”

Steevens.

¹ — *the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify a *silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that a *noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist! *Johnson.*

To give the *nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. See Vol. II, p. 148, n. 5. *Steevens.*

look ye yonder, niece; Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he 'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied,³ and his helm more hack'd than Hector's;³ And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.⁴

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and

³ —how his sword is bloodied,] So, Lydgate, describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

“He was so ferse they might him not withstand,

“When that he helde his *blody sworde* in hand.”

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555. *Malone.*

³ —his helm more hack'd than Hector's;] So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, Book III, 640:

“His helme to hewin was in twenty places,” &c. *Steevens.*

⁴ —an eye to boot.] So, the quarto. The folio, with less force,—Give money to boot. *Johnson.*

bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,⁵—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.⁶

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles;⁷ upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I

⁵ — no date in the pye,] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I: “—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge, than in your cheek.” *Steevens*.

⁶ — at what ward you lie.] A metaphor from the art of defence. So, Falstaff, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: “Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay;” &c. *Steevens*.

⁷ — upon my wit, to defend my wiles;] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

Upon my wit to defend my will.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. *Johnson*.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“What *wit* sets down, is blotted straight with *will*.”

Yet I think the old copy right. *Malone*.

took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.*

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come : [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle, ——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PAN.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize :
But more in Troilus thousand told I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :⁹
That she¹ belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

* *At your own house ; there he unarms him.*] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. *Pope.*

The words added are only—*there he unarms him.* *Johnson.*

⁹ — *joy's soul lies in the doing :*] So, read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given :

“ *The soul's joy lies in doing.* *Johnson.*

It is the reading of the second folio. *Ritson.*

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :] This is the reading of all the editions ; yet it must be erroneous ; for the last six words of the passage are totally inconsistent with the rest of Cressida's speech, and the very reverse of the doctrine she professes to teach. I have, therefore, no doubt that we ought to read :

— *joy's soul dies in the doing :*

which means, that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment.

The following six lines sufficiently confirm the propriety of this amendment, which is obtained by the change of a single letter :

That she below'd &c. &c. *M. Mason.*

¹ *That she —*] Means, that woman. *Johnson.*

That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:²
 Then though³ my heart's content⁴ firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter, AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gav 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

² *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—"Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our suppliants." *Steevens.*

³ *Then though*—] The quarto reads—*Then*; the folio and the other modern editions read improperly—*That*. *Johnson.*

⁴ — *my heart's content* —] *Content*, for *capacity*. *Warburton.*
 On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read—"my heart's *consent*," not *content*. *M. Mason.*

— *my heart's content* —] Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart. So, in our author's *Dedication* of his *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's *content*." This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*contents*. *Malone.*

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁵ and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad⁶ and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,⁷
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words.⁸ In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

My heart's content, I believe, signifies—the acquiescence of my heart. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *affin'd* —] i. e. joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello*:

“If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office.” *Steevens.*

⁶ — *broad* —] So the quarto. The folio reads—*loud*. *Johnson.*

⁷ *With due observance of thy godlike seat,*] *Goodly* [the reading of the folio] is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the quartos] have it—to thy godly seat: *godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what *Aeneas* afterwards says of Agamemnon:

“Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?”

So *godlike seat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders.

Theobald.

This emendation *Theobald* might have found in the quarto, which has—the *godlike seat*. *Johnson.*

—thy *godlike seat*,] The throne in which thou sittest, “like a descended god.” *Malone.*

⁸ — *Nestor shall apply*

Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance.

Johnson.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient interlude, entitled, *The Nice Wanton*, 1560:

“O ye children, let your time be well spent;

“*Apply* your learning, and your elders obey.”

See also Vol. VI, p. 34, n. 6. *Malone.*

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast,⁹ making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?¹
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis,² and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse:³ Where 's then the saucy boat,

⁹ — patient breast,] The quarto, not so well—*ancient breast.*
Johnson.

¹ With those of nobler bulk?] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusively expressed:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
 Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
 Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
 Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus
 Equore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri."

Again, in *The Sylva* of the same author, Lib. I, iv, 120:

"—immensæ veluti connexa carinæ
 Cymba minor, cum sævit hyems—
 ——— et eodem volvitur austro."

Mr. Pope has imitated the passage. *Stevens.*

² But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis,] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "When I have seen Boreas begin to play the ruffian with us, then would I down on my knees." *Malone.*

³ Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perseus' horse:] Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perseus with *talapia*, but we nowhere hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a ship named Pegase,—and this ship was likened unto an horse flying," &c.

Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world."

In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "*flew on the sea like unto a bird.*" *Dest. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164. *Malone.*

**Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,⁴
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade,⁵ Why, then, the thing of
courage,⁶
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.⁷**

The foregoing note is a very curious one; and yet our author perhaps would not have contented himself with merely comparing one ship to another. Unallegorized *Pegasus* might be fairly styled *Perseus' horse*, because the heroism of *Perseus* had given him existence.

So, in the fable of *The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos*, printed by Caxton:

"The stede of perseus was cleped pigase

"With swifte wynges" &c.

Whereas, *ibid.* a ship is called "—an hors of tre."

See University Library, Cambridge, D. 5, 42. *Steevens.*

⁴ —by the brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"— Have ye got the *brize* there ?

"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona, or The White Devil*, 1612: "I will but *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently."

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. viii. *Stevens.*

⁵ *And flies fled under shade,*] i. e. *And flies are fled under shade.* I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our author's contemporaries. *Malone.*

6 — *the thing of courage,*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. *Hanmer.*

⁷ Returns to chiding fortune.] For *returns*, Hamner reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. *Johnson*.

So, in *King Richard II*:

"Northumberland, say—thus the king *returns*; —."

Stevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.”

See Vol. XI, p. 288, n. 4. *Malone.*

See also Vol. II, p. 344, n. 4. *Stevens.*

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAM.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NEST.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree⁸
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,⁹—yet let it please both,—

⁸ — *axletree* —] This word was anciently contracted into a dissyllable. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

“ ——— when the mountain

“ Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees

“ Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them.”

Steevens.

⁹ — *speeches,—which were such,*

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air —

—— knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I once read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right. The *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, *Fr. Johnson*.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and public records

Thou great,—and wise,¹—to hear Ulysses speak.

in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, Act V, sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

“ — it deserves *with characters of brass*

“ A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time

“ And rasure of oblivion —.”

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV, sc. iv, to Phryne and Timandra:

“ — *thatch* your poor thin roofs

“ With burthens of the dead —.”

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched*, as the *hilt of a sword*; and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Vol. II, p. 90:

“ When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,

“ *Hatch'd* in the life of him —.”

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

“ — a bond of *air*, strong as the axle-tree

“ On which heaven rides; —.”

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

— a bond of awe, —.

The expression is used by Fairfax, in his 4th Eclogue, *Muses Library*, p. 368:

“ Unto these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty.”

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. *Tyrwhitt*.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary: *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood, in *The Iron Age*, 1632:

“ — — — — his face

“ Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick.”

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ His weapon *hatch'd* in blood.”

Again, literally, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ Double and treble gilt, —

“ *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time.”

Agam. Speak,² prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect³

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd

"*With silver —.*"

Again, in Chapman's version of the 23d *Iliad*:

"Shall win this sword, *silver'd and hatch'd*; —."

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. *Steevens.*

In a newspaper of the day, intitled *The Newes published for Satisfaction and Information of the People*, Nov. 12, 1663, No. XI, p. 86, is advertized, "Lost, in Scotland Yard, a broad sword hatcht with silver." *Reed.*

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture of Nestor is given. The fifth line of the first stanza may lead us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in silver*. In a subsequent passage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned:

"I'll hide my *silver* beard in a gold beaver."

Dr. Johnson therefore is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that there is any allusion to the soft voice or *silver tongue* of Nestor. The poet, however, might mean not merely that Nestor looked like a figure engraved in silver (as Mr. Steevens supposes); but that he should actually be so engraved.

With respect to the breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind*, and *air*. So, in one of his poems:

"— sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind of words*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again, more appositely, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verses above alluded to are these:

"There pleading you might see grave Nestor stand;

"As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;

"Making such sober action with his hand,

"That it *beguil'd* attention, charm'd the sight;

"In speech it seem'd, *his beard all silver white*

"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly

"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

"About him were a press of gaping faces,

"Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,

"All jointly list'ning but with several graces,

"As if some mermaid did their ears entice;

"Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,

"The scalps of many almost hid behind

"To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind."

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his ~~base~~, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,⁴

What is here called *speech that beguil'd attention*, is in the text a *bond of air*; i. e. *breath*, or words that strongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the same poem we find a kindred expression:

"Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,

"Will tie the hearers to attend each line."

Again, more appositely, in Drayton's *Mortimeriades*, 4to. no date:

"Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could bind."

The word *knit*, which alone remains to be noticed, is often used by Shakspeare in the same manner. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— to the which my duties

"Are with a most indissoluble tie

"For ever knit."

Again, in *Othello*: "I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness."

A passage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, may illustrate that before us: "Whether now persuasions may not be said violent and forcible, especially to simple myndes, in special I refer to all men's judgement that hear the story. At least waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie device or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he saw in the portrait of Hercules within the citie of Marseilles in Provençe; where they had figured a lustie old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the people's eares, who stood afar off, and seemed to be drawen to him by force of that chayne fastened to his tong; as who would say, by force of his persuasions." *Malone*.

Thus, in Chapinan's version of the 13th *Odyssey*:

"He said; and silence all their tongues contain'd

"(In admiration) when with pleasure chain'd

"Their ears had long been to him." *Steevens*.

1 Thou great,—and wise,] This passage is sense as it stands; yet I have little doubt that Shakspeare wrote—

Though great and wise, —. *M. Mason*.

2 Agam. Speak, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. *Johnson*.

3 — expect —] *Expect* for *expectation*. Thus, in our author's works, we have *suspect* for *suspicion*, &c. *Steevens*.

4 — Hector's sword had lack'd a master,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— gains, or loses,

"Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both —." *Steevens*.

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule⁵ hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.⁶

When that the general is not like the hive,⁷

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves,⁸ the planets, and this center,⁹

Observe degree, priority, and place,

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd

⁵ *The specialty of rule* —] The particular rights of supreme authority. *Johnson*.

⁶ *Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.*] The word *hollow*, at the beginning of the line, injures the metre, without improving the sense, and should probably be struck out.

M. Mason.

I would rather omit the word in the second instance. *To stand empty*, (*hollow*, as Shakspeare calls it,) is a provincial phrase applied to houses which have no tenants. These *factions*, however, were *avowed*, not *hollow*, or insidious. Remove the word *hollow*, at the beginning of the verse, and every tent in sight would become chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be—there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. *Stevens*.

⁷ *When that the general is not like the hive,*] The meaning is,—*When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees*, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. *Johnson*.

⁸ *The heavens themselves,*] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?" *Warburton*.

⁹ — *the planets, and this center,*] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. *Warburton*.

By *this center*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move." *M. Mason*.

Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,¹
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,²
 What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate³

¹ *Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,*] So, the folio. The quarto reads :

Corrects the influence of evil planets. Malone.

² — *But, when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. *Johnson.*

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion :

" For who so liste into the heavens looke,
 " And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
 " Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 " Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 " They all are wandred much ; that plaine appeares.
 " For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
 " Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 " Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 " And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.
 " And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 " So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,
 " That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
 " Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
 " So now all range, and do at random rove
 " Out of their proper places far away,
 " And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 " And all his creatures from their course astray,
 " Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Fairy Queen, B. V, c. i. Stevens.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind ; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. *Anonymous.*

³ — *deracinate* —] i. e. force up by the roots. So again, in *King Henry V* :

" — the coulter rusts

" That should deracinate such savag'ry." *Stevens.*

The unity and married calm of states⁴
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,⁵
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize⁶ is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,⁷
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,⁸
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy;⁹ The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:¹
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,

⁴ — married calm of states —] The epithet—*married*, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

“—— Lydian airs

“*Married* to immortal verse.”

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. iii. See note on this passage. Steevens.

⁵ — O, when degree is shak'd,] I would read:

—— So, when degree is shak'd. Johnson.

⁶ The enterprize —] Perhaps we should read:

Then enterprize is sick! — Johnson.

⁷ — brotherhoods in cities,] Corporations, companies, confraternities. Johnson.

⁸ — dividable shores,] i. e. divided. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, our author uses *correctible* for *corrected*. Mr. M. Mason has the same observation. Steevens.

⁹ — mere oppugnancy:] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *Hamlet*:

“—— things rank and gross in nature

“Possess it *merely*.” Steevens.

¹ And make a sop of all this solid globe:] So, in *King Lear*:

“—— I'll make a *sop* o' the moonshine of you.” Steevens.

And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect² of degree it is,
 That by a pace³ goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb.⁴ The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:⁵
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power⁶ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,⁷
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)

² — *this neglect* —] This uncommon word occurs again
 in *Pericles*, 1609:

“ ——— if neglect

“ Should therein make me vile, —.” *Malone.*

³ *That by a pace* —] That goes backward *step by step.* *Johnson.*

⁴ — *with a purpose*

It hath to climb.] With a design in each man to aggrandize
 himself, by slighting his immediate superior. *Johnson.*

Thus the quarto. Folio—in a purpose. *Malone.*

⁵ — *bloodless emulation.*] An emulation not vigorous and ac-
 tive, but malignant and sluggish. *Johnson.*

⁶ — *our power* —] i. e. our army. So, in another of our au-
 thor's plays:

“ Who leads his power?” *Stevens.*

⁷ — *his airy fame,*] Verbal elogium; what our author, in
Macbeth, has called *mouth honour.* *Malone.*

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation⁸ he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,⁹—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming¹
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending;² with terms unsquar'd,³
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
*Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
 As he, being 'drest to some oration.*
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels;⁴ as like as Vulcan and his wife:

⁸ *Thy topless deputation* —] *Topless* is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it; supreme; sovereign. *Johnson.*

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:

“Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,

“And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?”

Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

“And *topless* honours be bestow'd on thee.” *Stevens.*

⁹ *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,*] The galleries of the Theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed the scaffolds. *Malone.*

¹ — *o'er-wrested seeming* —] i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have—*o'er-rested*, which affords no meaning. *Malone.*

Over-wrested is—wound up too high. A *wrest* was an instrument for tuning a harp, by *drawing up* the strings. See Mr. Douce's note on Act III, sc. iii. *Stevens.*

² — *a chime a mending;*] To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like myself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation. *Stevens.*

³ — *unsquar'd,*] i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquared*. *Stevens.*

⁴ — *as near as the extremest ends*

Of parallels;] The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. *Johnson.*

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling⁵ on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough*, Patroclus:—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots,⁶ orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.⁷

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein,⁸ in full as proud a place

⁵ — *a palsy-fumbling* —] Old copies give this as two distinct words. But it should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytick fumbling. Tyrwhitt.

Fumbling is often applied by our old English writers to the speech. So, in *King John*, 1591:

“ — he fumbleth in the mouth;

“ His speech doth fail.”

Again, in North's translation of *Plutarch*: “ — he heard his wife Calphurnia being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many *fumbling* lamentable speeches.”

Shakspeare, I believe, wrote—in his gorget. *Malone*.

On seems to be used for—at. So, p. 53: “ Pointing on him.” i. e. at him. *Steevens*.

⁶ *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Achievements, plots, &c*] All our good *grace exact*, means our excellence irreprehensible. *Johnson*.

⁷ — *to make paradoxes*.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:

— *to make parodies*. *Johnson*.

⁸ — *bears his head*

In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles*. *Johnson*.

As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,⁹)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.¹

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,²—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.³

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

⁹ — *whose gall coins slanders like a mint,*] i. e. as fast as a mint coins money. See Vol. VIII, p. 195, n. 6. *Malone.*

¹ *How rank soever rounded in with danger.*] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read:

How hard soever — Johnson.

— *rounded in with danger.*] So, in *King Henry V.*

"How dread an army hath enrounded him." *Steevens.*

² — *and know, by measure*

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,] I think it were better to read:

— *and know the measure,*

By their observant toil, of the enemies' weight. Johnson.

— *by measure —*] That is, "*by means* of their observant toil." *M. Mason.*

³ *What trumpet? look, Menelaus.*] Surely, the name of *Menelaus* only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted. *Steevens.*

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?⁴

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm⁵
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks⁶
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek⁷ be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus:

⁴ — *kingly ears?*] The quarto:
 — *kingly eyes.* Johnson.

⁵ — Achilles' arm —] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:

— Alcides' arm. Johnson.

⁶ *A stranger to those most imperial looks* —] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth Act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

"But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 "I never saw till now."

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. Stevens.

In *The Destruction of Troy* Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. Malone.

In what edition did these representations occur in Shakspeare?
 Stevens.

⁷ — *bid the cheek* —] So the quarto. The folio has:
 — on the cheek —. Johnson.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's ac-
cord,
Nothing so full of heart.^a But peace, *Æneas*,

^a ——— they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.] I have not the smallest doubt that
the poet wrote—(as I suggested in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo.
1783):

——— they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's a god
Nothing so full of heart.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
"Among you guests to-night."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Cæsar, why he's the Jupiter of men."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove."

The text, in my apprehension, is unintelligible, though I have not ventured, on my own opinion, to disturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds some support to my conjecture. It also may be observed, that in peace the Trojans have just been compared to *angels*; and here *Æneas*, in a similar strain of panegyrick, compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially distinguished for high spirits.

The present punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Jove annuente*, nothing is so full of heart as they. Had Shakspeare written, "*with Jove's accord*, and "*Nothing's so full*," &c. such an interpretation might be received; but, as the words stand, it is inadmissible.

The quarto reads:

—— and great *Joves accord*—&c. *Malone*.

Perhaps we should read:

—— and *Love's a lord*
Nothing so full of heart.

The words *Jove* and *Love*, in a future scene of this play, are substituted for each other, by the old blundering printers. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Cupid is styled "*Lord of ay-meas*;" and *Romeo* speaks of his "*bosom's Lord*." In *Othello*, *Love* is commanded

Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
 The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :⁹
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, trans-
 cends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?¹

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
 Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,

to "yield up his hearted throne." And, yet more appositely, *Valentine*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says,

— *love's a mighty lord* —."

The meaning of *Æneas* will then be obvious. The most confident of all passions is not so daring as we are in the field. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"And what *Love* can do, that dares *Love* attempt."

Mr. M. Mason would read—"and *Jove's own bird*."

Perhaps, however, the old reading may be the true one, the speaker meaning to say, that, *when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans*. Thus, in *Coriolanus* :

"The god of soldiers

"(With the consent of supreme *Jove*) inform

"Thy thoughts with nobleness."

Jove's accord, in the present instance, like the *Jove Probante* of *Horace*, may be an ablative absolute, as in *Pope's* version of the 19th *Iliad*, 190 :

"And, *Jove attesting*, the firm compact made." *Steevens*.

⁹ *The worthiness of praise distains his worth,*

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :] So, in *Coriolanus* :

"— power unto itself most commendable,

"Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

"To extol what it hath done." *Malone*.

¹ *What's your affair, I pray you?*] The words—*I pray you*, are an apparent interpolation, and consequently destroy the measure.

"*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

"*Agam.*

What's your affair? —"

These hemistichs, joined together, form a complete verse.

Steevens.

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;²
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce³
Is rusty⁴ grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,⁵
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves⁶)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

² *Speak frankly as the wind;*] So, Jaques, in *As you Like it*:

"—— I must have liberty

"Withal, as large a charter as the wind

"To blow on whom I please; ——." *Steevens.*

³ —— *long-continued truce* ——] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* *Johnson.*

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original: a point, on which some stress has been laid in the Dissertation printed at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* See Vol. X, p. 469—70.

Of this dull and long-continued truce (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months,) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third Book of *The Destruction of Troy.* In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. *Malone.*

⁴ —— *rusty* ——] Quarto,—*resty.* *Johnson.*

⁵ —— *more than in confession,*] *Confession for profession.*

Warburton.

⁶ —— *to her own lips he loves,*] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* *Johnson.*

In other arms than hers,⁷—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance.⁸ Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host⁹
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace¹ put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,

⁷ *In other arms than hers,*] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. *Malone.*

⁸ — and not worth

The splinter of a lance.] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. *Steevens.*

⁹ — in our Grecian host —] So, the quarto. The folio has—Grecian mould. *Malone.*

¹ *And in my vantbrace* —] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.*

Pope.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

“—peruse his armour,

“The dint's still in the vantbrace.” *Steevens.*

I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.²

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSS. and NEST.*

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.³

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride⁴
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery⁵ of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

² *I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.*] So, in *Coriolanus*, one of the Volcian Guard says to old Menenius, "Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood."

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*I'll pawn this truth.*

Malone.

³ *Be you my time &c.*] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. *Steevens.*

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. *T. C.*

⁴ — *The seeded pride &c.*] Shakspeare might have taken this idea from Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie." It may be compared to a Pharisee, "who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."—"It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." *Tollet.*

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,

"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?" *Malone.*

⁵ — *nursery* —] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery.

Johnson.

Nest. Well, and how?⁶

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:⁷
And, in the publication, make no strain,⁸
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,
It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours⁹ off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

⁶ *Well, and how?*] We might complete this defective line by reading:

Well, and how then?

Sir T. Hamner reads—*how now?* *Steevens.*

⁷ *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*

Whose grossness little characters sum up:.] That is, the purpose is as plain as body or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. *Warburton.*

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e. numerals. So, in the prologue to *King Henry V.*:

“ — a crooked figure may

“ Attest, in little place, a million.”

The *gross sum* is a term used in *The Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. *Steevens.*

⁸ *And, in the publication, make no strain,*] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So, afterwards, in this play, *Ulysses* says:

“ I do dot *strain* at the position.”

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. *Theobald.*

⁹ — those honours —] Folio—his honour. *Malone.*

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
 In this wild action: for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling¹
 Of good or bad unto the general;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks²
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issués from our choice:
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part.
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertain'd,³ limbs are his instruments,⁴
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
 'Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,⁵
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worse first.⁶ Do not consent,

¹ — *scantling* —] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. *Johnson*.

So, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, folio, 1603: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." *Malone*.

² — *small pricks* —] Small *points* compared with the volumes.

Johnson.
 Indexes were, in Shakspeare's time, often *prefixed* to books.

³ *Which entertain'd, &c.*] These two lines [and the concluding hemistich] are not in the quarto. *Johnson*.

⁴ — *limbs are his instruments,*] The folio reads:

— *limbs are in his instruments.*

I have omitted the impertinent preposition. *Steevens*.

⁵ — *if not,*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we should read:

— *if they do not.* *Steevens*.

⁶ *The lustre of the better shall exceed,*
By showing the worse first.] The folio reads:

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share' with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion⁸ crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax⁹ draw

*The lustre of the better, yet to show,
Shall show the better.*

I once thought that the alteration was made by the author; but a more diligent comparison of the quartos and the first folio has convinced me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio. *Malone.*

7 — *share* —] So, the quarto. The folio—*wear*. *Johnson.*

8 — *our main opinion* —] is, our general estimation or character. See Vol. VIII, p. 328, n. 5. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. *Malone.*

9 — *blockish Ajax* —] Shakspeare, on this occasion, has deserted Lydgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:

"Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)

"There was, a man that *learning did adore*," &c.

"Who did so much in *eloquence* abound,

"That in his time the like could not be found."

Again:

"And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1587; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as "strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor polliticke." *Steevens.*

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax *Oileus*:

The sort¹ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,

"Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
 "To be well cladde he set all his entent.
 "In rich aray he was full curyous,
 "Although he were of body corsyous.
 "Of armes great, with shoulders square and brode;
 "It was of him almost a horse-lode.
 "High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,
 "And of his speech rude, and reckless.
 "Full many worde in ydel hym asterte,
 "And but a coward was he of his herte."

Ajax Telamonius he thus describes:

"An other Ajax Thelamonyus
 "There was also, *diserte* and *virtuous*;
 "Wonder faire and semely to behold,
 "Whose heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
 "In compas wise round as any sphere;
 "And of musyke was there none his pere.
 "— yet had he good practike
 "In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
 "No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
 "Nor desirous for to have victorie;
 "Devyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorie,
 "All ydle laud spent and blowne in wayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555.

There is not the smallest ground in Lydgate for what the author of the *Rifacimento* of this poem, published in 1614, has introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Destruction of Troy* led Shakspeare to give this representation; for the author of that book, describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

"*Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly; and was of no great enterprize, and spake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleasure in musicke, and he sang him selfe very well: he was of greate prowesse, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe." *Malone*.

Mr. Malone observes, that "there is not the smallest ground, &c. concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*." But may we ask what interpretation this gentleman would give to the epithets

"— *diserte* and *virtuous*?"

By the first word, (formed from the Latin *disertus*,) *eloquence* must have been designed; and by the latter, the *artes ingenue*, which in the age of Lydgate were often called the *virtuous arts*.

Steevens.

¹ The sort —] i. e. the lot. *Steevens*.

So, in Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c.

Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion² still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;³
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on,⁴ as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II⁵.....SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

“Calchas had experience

“Especially of calculation;

“Of *sorte* also, and divynation.” *Malone.*

² — *under our opinion* —] Here again *opinion* means character. *Malone.*

³ — *Ulysses,*

Now I begin &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now Ulysses, I begin, &c.* The transposition was made by Mr. Steevens.

Malone.

⁴ *Must tarre the mastiffs on,*] *Tarre*, an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, Act IV, sc. i:

“—— like a dog,

“Snatch at his master that, doth *tarre* him on.” *Pope.*

⁵ *Act II.*] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions. *Johnson.*

Ajax. Thersites, ——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, ——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,⁶ thou mongrel beef-witted lord!⁷

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:⁸ I will beat thee into handsomeness.

⁶ *The plague of Greece upon thee,*] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. *Johnson.*

The following lines of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie of the Warres between the Trojans and the Grecians*, 1555, were probably here in our author's thoughts:

“ And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
 “ Both of sworde and of pestilence,
 “ Among Greekes, by fatal influence
 “ Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
 “ Engendred was, that tho in great dispayre
 “ Of theyr life in the fyeelde they leye,
 “ For day by day sodaynly they deye,
 “ Whereby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece;
 “ And whan they sawe that it ne wolde sece,
 “ By theyr advyse the kyng Agamemnowne
 “ For a trewse sent unto the towne,
 “ For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
 “ Without abode graunted his axynge.” *Malone.*

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance, relative to the *plague*, from the first Book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. *Steevens.*

⁷ —— *thou mongrel beef-witted lord!*] So, in *Twelfth Night*: “ — I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” *Steevens.*

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax, in Act IV, sc. v:

“ Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,” &c.

Malone.

⁸ *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:*] *Unsalted leaven* means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *winew'd*. *Johnson.*

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the addition of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. *Malone.*

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's trick's!⁹

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece.¹ When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.²

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!³

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying."

Again, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

"For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed*." Steevens.

In the Preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. *vinewed* or mouldy) traditions. Blackstone.

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewedst*, or *vinniedst*: that is, thou most *shouldy* leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy *vinny* cheese. Malone.

⁹ — a red murrain &c.] A similar imprecation is found in *The Tempest*: "— The red plague rid you!" Steevens.

¹ — in Greece.] [Thus far the folio.] The quarto adds—when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

² — ay, that thou barkest at him.] I read,—O that thou bark-edst at him. Johnson.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. Tyrwhitt.

³ *Cobloaf*!] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. Steevens.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers⁴ with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!⁵

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego⁶

A *cob-loaf*, says Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave, in his *Dictionary*, 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnnes, lenten loaves."

Cob-loaf ought, perhaps, to be rather written *cop-loaf*. *Malone.*

⁴ — pun thee into shivers —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—*pound*. *Johnson.*

It is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXVIII, ch. xii: "—*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, Book XXIX, ch. iv: "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." *Steevens.*

Cole, in his *Dictionary*, renders it by the Latin words *contero*, *contundo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors.

Malone.

⁵ *Thou stool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. *Grey.*

⁶ — an assinego —] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Sir T. Hanmer, for an *ass-driver*: but, in *Mirza*, a tragedy, by Rob. Baron, Act III, the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

"— the stout trusty blade,

"That at one blow has cut an *asinego*

"Asunder like a thread. —"

"This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass* than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: "They apparelled me as you see, made a fool or an *asinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: "— all

may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold⁷ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me,⁸ I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, who-soever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*⁹ is not worth the

this would be forsworn, and I again an *asinego*, as your sister left me." *Steevens.*

Asinego is Portuguese for a little ass. *Musgrave.*

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native country, it is the vulgar name for an ass at present. *Henley.*

The same term, as I am informed, is also current among the lower rank of people in Norfolk. *Steevens.*

⁷ — thou art bought and sold —] This was a proverbial expression. *Malone.*

So, in *King Richard III.*

"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, Part I:

"From bought and sold lord Talbot." *Steevens.*

⁸ If thou use to beat me,] i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me. *Steevens.*

⁹ — his pia mater &c.] So, in *Twelfth Night*: "— here

ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—
who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,
—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHIL. interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool
will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of
the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not vo-
luntary; no man is beaten voluntary;¹ Ajax was here
the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in
your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a
great catch, if he knock out either of your brains;² 'a
were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit
was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails³ on their

comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*." The *pia mater*
is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain. *Steevens*.

1 — is beaten voluntary:] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often
uses adjectives adverbially. See Vol. VIII, p. 302, n. 6. *Malone*.

2 Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your
brains; &c.] The same thought occurs in *Cymbeline*:

"—— not Hercules

" Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none."

Steevens.

toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes; good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me,⁴ shall I?

³ — *Nestor*,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails — [Old copies—their grandsires.] This is one of these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandsire's toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. *Theobald.*

⁴ — when Achilles' brach bids me,] The folio and quarto read — Achilles brooch. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' hangers-on. *Johnson.*

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles's dog. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"When thou art *Timon's dog*" &c.

A brooch was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. *Stevens.*

I believe *brache* to be the true reading. It certainly means a bitch, and not a dog, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. Thersites calls Patroclus Achilles' *brache*, for the same reason that he afterwards calls him his male harlot, and his masculine whore. *M. Mason.*

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true reading, as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a bodkin; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brochets*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, in 1772, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. *Lort.*

Broch was, properly, a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakspeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—he is the *brooch* indeed

"And gem of all the nation."

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—not the imperious show

"Of the full fortun'd Cæsar, ever shall

"Be *brooch'd* with me."

Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first^s hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
*Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—*

But Thersites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading. *Brach*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. [See Vol. VI, p. 14, n. 9.] It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our author has used this term of contempt in *Twelfth Night*: "Marry, hang thee, *brock*!" So, in *The Jests of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: "This self-conceited *brock*, had George invited," &c. *Malone*.

A *brock*, literally, means—a badger. *Stevens*.

^s — the first —] So the quarto. Folio—the fifth —. *Malone*.

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy⁶ to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*⁷
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,⁸
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro.

Fy, fy, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?⁹
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fy, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,¹

⁶ — *spungy* —] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — his *spungy* officers.” *Steevens*.

⁷ — *Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course? *Malone*:

⁸ — *many thousand dismes,*] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

“ The *disme* goeth to the battaile.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Richard II.*: “ — so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people,” &c. *Steevens*.

⁹ *The past-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion. The modern editors silently give:

The vast proportion —. *Johnson*.

¹ — *though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.*] Here is a

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
 You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?²—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.³

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god;
 And the will dotes, that is attributive⁴

wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which, in Shakespeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more *reasons* in her balance." *Malone*.

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context. *Steevens*.

² *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*

Or like a star dis-orb'd?] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. *Pope*.

³ — *reason* and respect

Make livers pale, &c.] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating die!

"*Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!—

"Sad pause and deep regard beseeem the sage." *Malone*.

⁴ *And the will dotes, that is attributive*—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." *Malone*.

To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.⁵

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;⁶
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench⁷ from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them;⁸ nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,⁹
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects*; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. *Johnson.*

⁵ *Without some image of the affected merit.*] We should read:
——— *the affected's merit.*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

Warburton.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. *Johnson.*

⁶ — *in the conduct of my will;*] i. e. under the guidance of my will. *Malone.*

⁷ — *blench* —] See p. 14, n. 5. *Stevens.*

⁸ — *soil'd them;*] So reads the quarto. The folio:

—— *spoil'd them.* *Johnson.*

⁹ — *unrespective sieve;*] That is, unto a common voider. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads:

—— *unrespective same;*

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed:

—— *unrespective place.* *Johnson.*

It is well known that *sieves* and half-*sieves* are baskets to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden market; and that, in some families, baskets lined with tin are still employed as voiders. With the former of these senses *sieve* is used in *The Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

“ ——— apple-wives

“ That wrangle for a *sieve*.”

Dr. Farmer adds, that in several counties of England, the baskets us used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves*. The correction, therefore, in the second folio, appears to have been unnecessary. *Stevens.*

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves,⁵ unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*⁶

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,⁷
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;⁸

⁵ But, thieves,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Base* thieves, —

Johnson.

That did, in the next line, means—that *which* did. *Malone.*

⁶ *Enter Cassandra, raving*] This circumstance also is from the third Book of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555:

"This was the noise and the pyteous crye

"Of *Cassandra* that so dredefully

"She gan to make aboute in euery strete

"Through y^e towne" &c. *Steevens.*

⁷ — wrinkled elders,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled old.

Malone.

Elders, the erroneous reading of the quarto, would seem to have been properly corrected in the copy whence the first folio was printed; but it is a rule with printers, whenever they meet with a strange word in a manuscript, to give the nearest word to it they are acquainted with; a liberty which has been not very sparingly exercised in all the old editions of our author's plays. There cannot be a question that he wrote:

— mid-age and wrinkled eld.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"The superstitious idle-headed eld."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Doth beg the alms of palsied eld." *Ritson.*

⁸ *Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;*] See p. 18, n. 4, and

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle⁷ thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
 The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders⁸ to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence⁹
 To their benumbed wills,¹ resist the same;
 There is a law² in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.

⁷ — Aristotle —] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakespeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth Book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of *Aristotle*, however, (during our ancient propensity to quote the authorities of the learned on every occasion) is not more absurd than the following circumstances in *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralsed*, bl. 1. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen) where we find God Almighty quoting *Cato*. See Dial. IV. I may add, on this subject, that during an altercation between *Noah and his Wife*, in one of the Chester Whitsun Plays, the Lady swears by—*Christ and Saint John*.

Steevens.

⁸ — more deaf than adders —] See Vol. X, p. 197, n. 3.

Steevens.

⁹ — of partial indulgence —] i. e. through partial indulgence.

M. Mason.

¹ — benumbed wills,] That is, inflexible, immovable, no longer obedient to superior direction. Johnson.

² There is a law —] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. Johnson.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth:³ yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,⁴
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:⁵
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation⁶ in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exit.

³ *Is this, in way of truth:*] Though considering truth and justice in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. *Johnson.*

⁴ — *the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment. *Johnson.*

⁵ — *canonize us:*] The hope of being registered as a saint, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this of the Trojan war. *Steevens.*

⁶ — *emulation* —] That is, envy, factious contention. *Johnson.*
Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more pro-

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter THERSITES.*

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.⁷ If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunderdarter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;⁸ if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons,⁹

priety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning:

“ ——— so every step,

“ Exemplified by the first pace that is sick

“ Of his superior, grows to an *envious* fever

“ Of pale and bloodless emulation.” *Malone.*

⁷ — *a rare engineer.*] The old copies have—*enginer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So, *truncheon*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, *sonnetter*, &c. *Malone.*

⁸ — *the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;*] The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*. So Martial, Lib. VII, Epig. lxxiv.

Cyllenes calique decus! facunde minister,

Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *without drawing their massy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. *Johnson.*

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the massy irons*. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,

“ That they may crush down with a heavy fall

“ The usurping helmets of our adversaries.” *Malone.*

and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!¹ for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket.² I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation:³ but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction⁴ till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Bruising irons, in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed *in loco*, signify—*maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See *Grose on ancient Armour*, p. 53. *Steevens.*

¹ — *the bone-ache!*] In the quarto—*the Neapolitan bone-ache!*
Johnson.

² — *that war for a placket.*] On this occasion Horace must be our expositor:

— *fuit ante Helenam ***** teterrima belli*
Causa.

Sat. Lib. I, iii, 107. *Steevens.*

In mine opinion, this remark enlumineth not the English reader. See mine handling of the same subject, in the play of *King Lear*, Act III, sc. iv, Vol. XIV. *Amner.*

³ *If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, sc. iv, and which has been happily illustrated by Mr. Reed, in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II, sc. v.

Whalley.

⁴ *Let thy blood be thy direction* —] *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. See Vol. V, p. 136, n. 5. *Malone.*

So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*: “— for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden.” This word has the same sense in *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline*. *Steevens.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question.⁵ Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.⁶

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool: and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.⁷

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.⁸—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

⁵ — decline the whole question.] Deduce the question from the first case to the last *Johnson*.

⁶ — Patroclus is a fool.] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. *Johnson*.

⁷ — a fool positive.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts.

Malone.

⁸ — of the prover.] So the quarto. *Johnson*.

The folio profanely reads—to thy creator. *Steevens*.

There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Thersites. *Malone*.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and AJAX.*

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions,⁹ and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject!¹ and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers;² and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by

⁹ — to draw emulous factions,] i. e. envious, contending factions. See p. 73, n. 6. *Malone.*

Why not rival factions, factions jealous of each other? *Steevens.*

¹ Now the dry *serpigo* &c.] This is added in the folio. *Johnson.* The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. The term has already occurred in *Measure for Measure.* *Steevens.*

² He shent our messengers;] i. e. rebuked, rated. *Warburton.*

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, Book IV, ch. vi:

“Yet for no bidding, not for being shent,

“Would he restrained be from his attendement.”

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdan of Babyloyn*, p. 41:

“———— hastowe no mynde

“How the cursed Sowdan Laban

“All messengeris he doth shende.” *Steevens.*

The quarto reads—*sate*; the folio—*sent*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*He sent us messengers*. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. Though *sent* might easily have been misprinted for *shent*, how could *sate* (the reading of the original copy) and *shent* have been confounded?

Malone.

my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes AGAM. aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure,³ a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints,⁴ but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state,⁵

³ — *composure*,] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel.* Johnson.

⁴ *The elephant hath joints, &c.*] So, in *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633: "— is she pliant?

"Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her." Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

"I hope you are no elephant, you have joints."

In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed*, &c. bl. 1. is mention of "the olefawnte that bowyth not the kneys;" a curious specimen of our early Natural History. Steevens.

⁵ — *noble state*,] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. Johnson.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of "your greatness." Steevens.

State was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614. "The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Tolédo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a state, would visit hospitals —."

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, 1591:

"The Greek demands her, whither she was going,
"And which of these two great estates her keeps."

To call upon him ; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.⁶

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus ;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment ;⁷ and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness⁸ he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite⁹ in an observing kind¹
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,² his ebbs, his flows, as if

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. *Malone.*

⁶ — *breath.*] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for—*breathing*, i. e. exercise. So, in *Hamlet*: “—it is the *breathing* time of day with me.” *Steevens.*

⁷ *Than in the note &c.*] Surely the two unnecessary words—in *the*, which spoil the metre, should be omitted. *Steevens.*

⁸ — *tend the savage strangeness* —] i. e. shyness distant behaviour. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years.”
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—— I'll prove more true,

“Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*.”
To *tend* is to *attend upon*. *Malone.*

⁹ — *underwrite* —] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to *obey*.

So, in *King Lear*: “You owe me no *subscription*.” *Johnson.*
Steevens.

¹ — *in an observing kind* —] i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“To do *observance* to a morn of May.” *Steevens.*

² *His pettish lunes,*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's emendation of his *pettish lines*. The old quarto reads:

His course and time.

The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give³
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.⁴
 [*Exit* ULYSS.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and alto-
 gether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
 grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your vir-
 tues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride
 is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;
 and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours
 the deed in the praise.⁵

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. *Johnson.*

The quarto reads:

*His course and time, his ebbs and flows and if
 The passage and whole stream of his commencement
 Rode on his tide.—*

His [*his commencement*] was probably misprinted for *this*, as
 it is in a subsequent passage in this scene in the quarto copy:

“And how his silence drinks up *his* applause.” *Malone.*

³ — allowance give —] Allowance is approbation. So, in *King
 Lear*:

“ — If your sweet sway

“ Allow obedience.” *Steevens.*

⁴ — enter.] Old copies, regardless of metre,—enter you.

Steevens.

⁵ — whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in
 the praise.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.⁶

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss.

He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,⁷

And batters down himself: What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud,⁸ that the death tokens of it⁹

Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam.

Let Ajax go to him.—

“ — power, unto itself most commendable,

“ Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

“ To extol what it hath done.” *Malone.*

⁶ — *the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII, p. 92—93. *Steevens.*

⁷ Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,] So, in *Julius Cæsar*

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council; and the state of man,

“ Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.” *Malone.*

⁸ He is so plaguy proud, &c.] I cannot help regarding the vulgar epithet—*plaguy*, which extends the verse beyond its proper length, as the wretched interpolation of some foolish player.”

Steevens.

⁹ Yet Mr. Steevens, in the note which follows, gives a different explanation to this vulgarism. In fact, to deprive the line of the word *plaguy* would be to destroy the allusion. *Am. Ed.*

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;¹
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;²
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.³
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

⁰ — the death-tokens of it —] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,

"Are mere fore-runners of their ends." *Steevens.*

Dr. Hodges, in his *Treatise on the Plague*, says: "Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface." *Reed.*

¹ — with his own seam;] *Swine-seam*, in the North, is hog's-lard. *Ritson.*

See Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary*, folio, 1650.

Malone.

² That were to enlard, &c.] This is only the well-known proverb — *Grease a fat sow* &c. in a more stately dress. *Steevens.*

³ — to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.] *Cancer* is the *Crab*, a sign in the zodiac.

The same thought is more clearly expressed by Thomson, whose words, on this occasion, are a sufficient illustration of our author's:

"And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze." *Steevens.*

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him Over the face.⁴

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:⁵

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth⁶ that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow, ——

Nest. How he describes Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss.

The raven]

Chides blackness.

[*Aside.*

⁴ —— I'll pash him

Over the face.] i. e. strike him with violence. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger, 1623:

" —— when the batt'ring ram

" Were fetching his career backward, to pash

" Me with his horns to pieces."

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1596, p. 91: " — the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is pushed all to pieces." *Reed.*

⁵ —— pheeze his pride:] To pheeze is to comb or curry.

Johnson.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *Feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feize* is to drive away; and the expression—I'll *feize* his pride, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. See Vol. VI, p. 11, n. 1.

Whalley.

To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly, is the meaning of the word here. Kersey, in his *Dictionary*, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. [See the reference at the end of the foregoing note.] But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified, in our author's time, to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cadere*, as he does to *feage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption. *Malone.*

⁶ Not for the worth —] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. *Johnson.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.⁷

Agam. He 'll be physician,⁸ that should be the patient.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind, —

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you 'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He 'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I 'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

Nest. He 's not yet thorough warm: force him with
praises:⁹

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To AGAM.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

⁷ *I will let his humours blood.*] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine.* Malone.

⁸ *He 'll be physician,*] Old copies—the physician. Steevens.

⁹ *I 'll knead him, &c.*] Old copy:

Ajax. I 'll knead him, I 'll make him supple, he 's not yet thorough warm.

Nest. — force him with praises: &c.

The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he 'll pash him o'er the face, he 'll make him eat swords, he 'll knead him, he 'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. Theobald.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man down hill as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. Malone.

— *force him* —] i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. So again, in this play: "— malice forced with wit." Steevens.

He is not emulous,¹ as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter² thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:³

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:⁴

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield⁵

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn,⁶ a pale, a shore, confines

¹ *He is not emulous,*] *Emulous* is here used, in an ill sense, for *envious*. See p. 77, n. 9. *Malone*.

Emulous, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify—*jealous of higher authority*.

Steevens.

² — *that shall palter* —] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — what other band

“ Than secret Romans, who have spoke the word,

“ And will not palter?” *Malone*.

³ — *she that gave thee suck*:] This is from *St. Luke*, xi, 27: “Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked.” *Steevens*.

⁴ — *beyond all erudition*:] Thus the folio. The quartos, erroneously:

— *beyond all thy erudition*. *Steevens*.

⁵ *Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield* —] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. *Malone*.

⁶ — *like a bourn*,] A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
 Instructed by the antiquary times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.⁷

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy:⁸ To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.⁹
[*Exeunt.*]

rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *King Lear*, Act III, sc. vi:

“Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.”

See note on this passage. *Steevens.*

* A rivulet is called a *burn* in Scotland at the present day.

Am. Ed.

⁷ *Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*.

Mr. Vaillant adds, that Cotton dedicated his *Treatise on Fishing* to his *father* *Wulton*; and that Ashmole, in his *Diary*, observes—
 “April 3. Mr. William Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him *father* thenceforward.” *Steevens.*

⁸ *Fresh kings are come to Troy: &c.*] We might complete this imperfect verse by reading:

Fresh king's are come to succour Troy: &c.

So, Spenser:

“To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.”

Steevens.

⁹ — draw deep.] So, in the Prologue to this play:

“— the deep-drawing barks.” *Steevens.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.¹

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Musick within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with

¹ *I hope, I shall know your honour better.*] The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed, in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was. *Malone.*

him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,² —

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase,³ indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.— Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.⁴

² — *love's invisible soul,*] may mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else. *Johnson.*

³ *Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase,*] The quibbling speaker seems to mean that *sodden* is a phrase fit only for the *stews*. Thus, says the *Bawd* in *Pericles*: "The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully *sodden*."

Steevens.

* *Seethed*, is *sodden*; *seeth*, is *sod*, *boil*, *stew*; *seething*, state of *ebullition*, &c. the meaning, and the quibble, are obvious; nor does the context, any more than the expression, afford the least glimpse of indecency. *Am. Ed.*

⁴ — *in fits.*] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*:

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,⁸ that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.⁹

in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a fitte."

Steevens.

⁸ *And my lord he deserves you,*] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. *Johnson.*

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hammer annexes the words, "And to make a sweet lady" &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe.

Malone.

⁹ *You must not know where he sups.*] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner, in Act II, sc. i, p. 59, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to Ajax, "Cobloaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same Act, words that evidently belong to *Nestor* are given to *Ajan*, [see p. 84, n. 9,] both in the quarto and folio. I have

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

not therefore hesitated to add the words, "You must not know where he sups," to the speech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen* instead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen steadily perseveres in soliciting Pandarus to sing: "*My lord Pandarus*,"—"Nay, but *my lord*,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakespeare intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. M. Mason's objection also to such an arrangement is very weighty. "Pandarus (he observes) in his next speech but one, clearly addresses *Paris*, and in that speech he calls Cressida his *disposer*." In what sense, however, Paris can call Cressida his *disposer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. M. Mason supposes that "Paris means to call Cressida his *governor* or *director*, as it appears, from what Helen says afterwards, that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote—*despiser*. What Pandarus says afterwards, that "Paris and Cressida are *rwain*," supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *deposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for Cressida had not deposed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A speech in a former scene, in which Pandarus says, Helen loves Troilus more than Paris, (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker) [Mr. Ritson] proves nothing. Had he said that Troilus once loved Helen better than Cressida, and afterwards preferred Cressida to her, the observation might deserve some attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words,—*You must not know where he sups*,—I find Sir Thomas Hanmer had assigned to Pandarus. *Malone*.

I believe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that—*You must not know where he sups*,—should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line,—*I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in *King John*) is "not worth the coil that is made for it."

The word—*disposer*, however, occurs in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Chapman's Homer:

"Nor let her poore *disposer* (learning) lie

"Still bed-rid." *Steevens*.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;⁷ come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.⁸

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.⁹

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord,¹ thou hast a fine forehead.²

"*Par.* Where sups he to-night?

"*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

"*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?

"*Par.* My cousin will fall out with you.

[*To Helen.*

"*Pan.* You must not know where he sups.

[*To Paris.*

"*Helen.* I'll lay my life, with my deposer Cressida."

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding scene, is ready to swear she *loved more than Paris*. *Ritson.*

⁷ — *you are wide*;] i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland*: "Surely he shoots *wide* on the bow-hand, and very far from the mark." *Steevens.*

⁸ *Par. I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie*. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Falling in, after falling out, &c.*] i. e. the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. *Tollet.*

1 — *sweet lord*,] In the quarto—*sweet lad*. *Johnson.*

2 — *a fine forehead*.] Perhaps, considering the character of Pandarus, Helen means that he has a forehead illuminated by eruptions. To these Falstaff has already given the splendid names of—*brooches, pearls, and ouches*. See notes on *King Henry IV*, Part II, Vol. IX, p. 61, n. 4. *Steevens.*

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds³

Not that it wounds,⁴

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:⁵

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

³ *The shaft confounds* —] To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy. *Malone.*

⁴ — *that it wounds*] i. e. that *which* it wounds. *Musgrave.*

Both *Malone* and *Musgrave* have mistaken the sense of this passage. *Pandarus* means to say, that "the shaft confounds," not because the wounds it gives are severe, but because "it tickles still the sore."

To *confound* does not signify here to *destroy*, but to *annoy* or *perplex*; and *that it wounds* does not mean that *which* it wounds, but in that it wounds, or because it wounds. *M. Mason.*

⁵ *These lovers cry—Oh! Oh! they die!*

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"For I have heard, it [love] is a life in death,

"That laughs and weeps, and all but in a breath!" *Malone.*

• The wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal.

Johnson.

The wound to kill is the killing wound. *M. Mason.*

A passage in *Massinger's Fatal Dowry* may prove the aptest comment on the third line of this despicable ditty:

"*Beaumelle.* [Within.] *Ha! ha! ha!*

"*Charalois.* How 's this? It is my lady's laugh —

"When first I pleas'd her, in this merry language

"She gave me thanks." *Steevens.*

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers?⁶ Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?⁷

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,

⁶ — *a generation of vipers?*] Here is an apparent allusion to the whimsical physiology of Shakspeare's age. Thus, says Thomas Lupton, in *The Seventh Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l: "The female vyper doth open her mouth to receyve ye generative &c. of the male vyper, which receyved, she doth byte off his head. This is the maner of the froward generating of vipers. And, after that, the young vipers that springs of the same, do eate or know asunder their mother's belly, therby comming or bursting forth. And so they (being revengers of theyr father's iniurye) do kyll theyr owne mother. You may see, they were a towardly kynde of people, that were called the *generation of vipers*." *St. Matthew*, iii, 7, &c. *Steevens*.

⁷ *Pan.* *Is this the generation of love?* &c. — Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?] However *Pan.* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's*.

Ritson.

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.⁸ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Serv.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus; I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit PAN.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp⁹ in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:

⁸ — above thought *I love thee.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"She's cunning past man's thought." *Steevens.*

⁹ — tun'd too sharp —] So the quarto, and more accurately
than the folio, which has—and too sharp. *Johnson.*
The quarto has *to* instead of *too*. *Malone.*

I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite:¹
I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit PAN.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:²
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.³

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again?
you must be watched ere you be made tame,⁴ must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw back-
ward, we'll put you i' the fills.⁵—Why do you not speak

¹ —frayed—] i. e. frightened. So, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad*:

“ ——— all the massacres

“ Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more over-
throw

“ Than now *fray'd* life.” *Steevens.*

² *Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — rash-embraced despair.” *Malone.*

³ *Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring*

The eye of majesty.] Mr. Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

“ Well may th' ignoble herd

“ Start, if with heedless steps they unawares

“ Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius

“ Awes with superior greatness all beneath him.”

Steevens.

⁴ —you must be watched ere you be made tame,] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ — to watch her as we watch these kites” *Steevens.*

Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. *Malone.*

to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.⁶ Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.⁷ How now, a kiss in fee-farm!⁸ build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.⁹ Nay,

⁵ — *the fills.*] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or wagon. See Vol. IV, p. 338, n. 9.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words "*draw backward*" show that the original is the true reading. *Malone*.

Sir T. Hanmer supports the reading of the second folio, by saying—*put you in the files*, "alludes to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice [i. e. of *drawing backward*,] in the middle places." Thus, Homer, *Iliad* IV, 299:

"—— καὶ δ' ἐς μέσσην ἵλασεν,

"Οφρα ἃ ἐκ ἰθὺν τις ἀνακαὶν πολυμήνη." *Steevens*.

The word *files* does not mean the middle places, but the *rankes*. The common soldiers of an army are called the *rank* and *file*; and when the serjeants or corporals misbehave, it is usual to punish them by reducing them to *the files*, that is, to the rank of private men. To *draw backward*, is hereby to *fall back*, and has no reference to drawing in a carriage. *M. Mason*.

⁶ *Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.*] It should seem, from these words, that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veiled. Pandarus however had, as usual, a double meaning. *Malone*.

⁷ *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems, in Shakspeare's time, to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"—— So, a fair riddance;

"There's three *rub*s gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"*Mini*. Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the foregame, we'll even play out the rubbers.

"*Sir Vaugh*. Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bow*l in your alley." *Malone*.

An instance to the same effect was long ago suggested in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act II, sc. i. *Steevens*.

⁸ — *a kiss in fee-farm!*] is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. *Malone*.

you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river:¹* go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*²—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PAN.]

How much more poetically is the same idea expressed in *Coriolanus*, when the jargon of law was absent from our author's thoughts!

"—— O, a kiss,

"Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!" *Steevens.*

"—— build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— does approve

"By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath

"Smells wooingly here." *Steevens.*

¹ *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river:*] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The tercel is the male hawk; by the falcon we generally understand the female. *Theobald.*

I think we should rather read—at the tercel —. *Tyrwhitt.*

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the meaning of this difficult passage is, "I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tiercel." *Steevens.*

* The explanation of M. Mason is ingenious; and did I place confidence in the text, I would concur with him in opinion; but, in passing through the hands of transcribers, proof readers, and printers, the current of Shakspeare, could not be expected to flow onward without being contaminated: In the present instance if an error exists, it may be chargeable to the carelessness of the corrector of the press, or to the ignorance of his assistant (generally the most useless apprentice), who, if a cockney, would have read the passage, did it stand thus in the original;—"The falcon has the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river:" exactly as it is given in the text:—i. e. without aspirating the consonant *h* in *has*, it would probably pass the proof-reader, as: From this defect in the person whose duty it is to read the copy to the corrector, numerous errors have crept into many of the best works in the English language; thus we meet with, *wether*, for *whether*; *wich*, for *which*; *arm*, for *harm*; *air*, for *hair*; &c. and, as frequently *as*, for *has*. I would therefore read, and because I think it restores the true meaning:

"The falcon *has* the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river."——
i. e. The falcon *has caught* the tercel;—the falcon *has conquered*; the falcon *has won*; &c. *Am. Ed.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.³

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.⁴

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;⁵ thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is

² — the parties interchangeably —] have set their hands and seals. So, afterwards: "Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it." Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often expressed. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"But my kisses bring again,

"Seals of love but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,

"What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?" *Malone.*

³ — if my fears have eyes.] The old copies have—tears. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

⁴ — no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.] From this passage, however, a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

"— and then a *Fear* :

"Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."

See also *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

⁵ — weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever knight performed. *Malone.*

infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:⁶ no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.⁷ Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;⁸ and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred,

⁶ — *our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:.*] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit* lower part no affection, *in reversion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. *Johnson.*

⁷ — *his addition shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. *Johnson.*

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. *Reed.*

⁸ — *what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;.*] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7. *Malone.*

though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.⁹

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness,¹ from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

⁹ — they 'll stick where they are thrown.] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*:

“Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.” *Stevens.*

¹ Cunning in dumbness,] The quarto and folio read—*Coming in dumbness.* The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:²
I have a kind of self resides with you;³
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.⁴

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.⁵

² *Let me go and try:*] This verse being imperfect, I suppose
our author to have originally written:

Let me go in, my lord, and try. *Steevens.*

³ *I have a kind of self resides with you;*] So, in our author's 123d
Sonnet:

“— for I, being pent in thee,

“Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.” *Malone.*

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,” &c. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *I would be gone:*

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.] Thus the quartos.

The folio reads:

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what. *Malone.*

⁵ — *But you are wise;*

Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; &c.] I read:

— *but we're not wise,*

Or else we love not; to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; —

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom,
replies: “That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power
of man to bring love and wisdom to an union.” *Johnson.*

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cres-
sida's meaning is this: “Perchance I fell too roundly to confes-
sion, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so ea-
sily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise
and love, exceeds man's might.” *M. Mason.*

— *to be wise and love,*

Exceeds man's might;] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calen-
dar, March*:

“To be wise, and eke to love,

“Is granted scarce to gods above.” *Tyrwhitt.*

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)

The thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus, among whose sentences we find this:

"Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur."

Marston, in *The Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

"But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;

"*The gods themselves cannot be wise, and love.*"

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential: "But you are wise, or *else* you are *not* in love; for no one who *is* in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is any corruption, as our author sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand; and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases, the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read:

— *But you are wise;*

Or else you love; for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; &c.

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not*: which is not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—Sir T. Hanmer, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads:

A sign you love not. Malone.

* I think the passage corrupt; but I cannot agree with the alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson. I would read

— *But you are wise,*

And therefore love not;—for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might, &c.

Cressida intimates the violence of her love by its effects upon her mind; this she seems to do for the purpose of extorting an immediate confession from Troilus; her expectation is disappointed by the reply, "*Well know they what they speak, who speak so wisely.*" The answer, which marks her impatience, is a beautiful display of female finesse; she "*angles*" for the "*thoughts*" of Troilus with such dexterous artifice, that he cannot evade an immediate avowal; he must either declare his love, and sacrifice all title to prudence at the shrine of passion, or acknowledge he does not love, with a force commensurate with Cressida's ideas. The declarations which follow, owe their extravagance to the opinion expressed by Cressida, *that he was wise, and therefore could not love*: this opinion he becomes so anxious to eradicate, that all which language can afford, is employed to paint the violence and durability of his passion, and his conduct proves the correctness of what Cressida advances, as far as it respects Troilus, that "*to be wise and love exceeds man's might.*" *Am. Ed.*

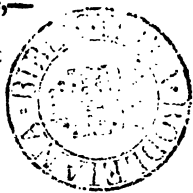
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;⁶
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!⁷
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match⁸ and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.⁹

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro.

O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,¹
 Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,²—



⁶ *To feed for aye her lamp &c.*] Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres:

“ ——— lasting flames, that burn

“ To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.”

See my note on *Pericles*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens*.

⁷ — *swifter than blood decays!*] *Blood*, in Shakspeare, frequently means desire, appetite. *Malone*.

In the present instance, the word *blood* has its common signification. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood —.” *Steevens*.

⁸ *Might be affronted with the match* —] I wish “ my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.” *Johnson*.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — that he, as 'twere by accident, may here

“ Affront Ophelia.” *Steevens*.

⁹ *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, “ Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy.”

Warburton.

¹ — *compare*,] i. e. comparison. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. III:

“ Beyond compare the son of God was seen —.” *Steevens*

² *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,*

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well

As true as steel,³ as plantage to the moon,^{4*}

as the sense, of the last verse, will be improved, I think, by reading:

“*Want similes of truth, tir’d with iteration,—*”

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of truth. Tyrwhitt.

This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. *Malone.*

³ *As true as steel,*] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate’s *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, L. II, ch. xvi:

“*Thereto in love trewe as any stele.*”

Virgil, *Æneid* VII, 640, applies a similar epithet to a sword:

“*—fidoque accingitur ense.*”

i. e. a weapon in the metal of which he could confide; a *trusty* blade. It should be observed, however, that Geo. Gascoigne, in his *Steele Glass*, 1576, bestows the same character on his *Mirror*:

“*—this poore glass which is of trustie steele.*”

Again:

“*—that steele both trusty was and true.*” *Steevens.*

Mirrors formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, “as true as the mirror, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it.” But I now think with Mr. Steevens, that—*As true as steel* was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. A passage in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

“Behold in her the lively glasse,

“The pattern, *true as steel.*” *Malone.*

⁴ *—as plantage to the moon,*] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase:

“*Rite Latonz puerum canentes,*

“*Rite crescentem face noctilucam,*

“*Prosperam frugum, —.*” *Hor. Lib. IV, Od. vi.*

Warburton.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in *Romeo and Juliet*; and yet, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

“*Sow next thy vines mandrage.*”

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant,⁵ as earth to the center,—
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentick author to be cited,⁶
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,⁷
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres.

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up.⁸
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid⁹

"As true as flowing tides are to the moon." Steevens.

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discovery of Wüchcraft*: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants frutefull: so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decaieing in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and vade." Farmer.

* This opinion governs the practice of the generality of the farmers, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, especially those of German descent, at the present day. *Am. Ed.*

⁵ *As iron to adamant,*] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"As true to thee as steel to adamant." Malone.

⁶ *As truth's authentick author to be cited,*] Troilus shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. Johnson.

⁷ — crown up the verse,] i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.* So, in Chapman's version of the second *Iliad*:

"We flie, not putting on the crowne of our so long-held warre." Steevens.

⁸ *And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,*] So, in *King Richard III*, quarto, 1598:

"And almost shoulder'd in this swallowing gulph

"Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion." Malone.

⁹ Tro. — when their rhymes,

Want similes —

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse —

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men¹*

Cres. —————

Yea, let them say —

As false as Cressid.] This antithesis of praise and censure appears to have found an imitator in Edmund Smith, the author of *Phædra and Hippolytus*:

" Theseus. —————

" And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,

" Shall raise some matron to the heavenly powers,

" They'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.

" Phædra. —————

" And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage,

" Would sink some impious woman down to hell,

" They'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra." Act V. *Stevens.*

¹ ——— constant men —] Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear an expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for a *jilt* and a *pimp*. *Tyrwhitt.*

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note, relative to the constancy of Troilus, various proofs are furnished by our old poets. So, in *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578:

" But if thou me forsake,

" As Cressid that forgot

" True Troilus, her make," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" As Troilus' truth shall be my shield,

" To kepe my pen from blame,

" So Cressid's craft shall kepe the field,

" For to resound thy shame."

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew

be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,² which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Excunt.*]

what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him, in consequence of that knowledge, that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that, in his licentious mode of writing, the words, "*if ever you prove false to one another*," may mean, not, if you both prove false, but, *if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you, who are now thus attached to each other.* This might and did happen, by one of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false to one another; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. *Malone.*

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an inconstant lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and, consequently, as *true* (or as *constant*) as *Troilus*. *Heath.*

* I have no doubt but Shakspeare knew the event of the story, and so I presume he did of every one of his plays, but that cannot invalidate the justice of Mr. Mason's remark, nor can it countenance nonsense, nor do away contradiction, howsoever, or by whomsoever defended. *Am. Ed.*

² — and a bed,] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shows that they were inadvertently omitted. *Malone.*

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, "—a chamber with a bed; which bed, because" &c. *Stevens.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,³
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove⁴
I have abandon'd Troy,⁵ left my possession,

³ — *Appear it to your mind,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very properly in my opinion, reduces this line to measure, by reading:

— *Appear it to you,* —. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *through the sight I bear in things, to Jove &c.*] This passage, in all the modern editions, is silently depraved, and printed thus:

— *through the sight I bear in things to come,* —.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.

Johnson.

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen."

Steevens.

⁵ *That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove*

I have abandon'd Troy, &c.] This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald: "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniencies,

— *through the sight I have in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy, —*

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

"I have — expos'd myself,
"From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
"To doubtful fortunes; —"

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be a greater demand for it. *Warburton.*

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explanation that it will yet admit. *Johnson.*

In page 17, n. 3, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *services* to which he alludes, a short quotation from Lydgate will sufficiently explain. *Auncient Hist. &c. 1555:*

"He entred into the oratorye,—
"And besily gan to knele and praye,
"And his things devoutly for to saye,

To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,

"And to the god crye and call full stronge;
"And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
"Sodaynly his answere gan attame,
"And sayd *Calchas* twies by his name;
"Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne
"To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
"For finally lerne this thyng of me,
"In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be:
"This is in sooth, whych may not be denied.
"Wherefore I will that thou be alyed
"With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
"To them anone; my will is, it be so:—
"For thou to them shall be necessary,
"In counseling and in giving rede,
"And be right helping to their good spede."

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit for having joined the Greeks after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and served the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phrase—*As new into the world*, (for so the old copy reads) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this assertion the following passages may be adduced:

"It was a pretty part in the old church-plays when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course." Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 4to. 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paston, July 8, 1468; *Paston Letters*, Vol. II, p. 5: "—and they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth*, 1575: "—what time it pleased her to ryde forth *into* the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found, anon," &c.

Chase, indeed, may mean here, the place in which the Queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary sense.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, B. IV, st. 72, edit. 1602:

"She doth conspire to have him made away,—
"Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,
"But by her father's counsell and consent."

Again, in our author's *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"—— I'll stay at home,
"And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt." *Malone*.

The folio reads—

—— *in things to love*,

which appears to me to have no meaning, unless we adopt the

Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,⁶
 Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied : But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,⁷

explanation of Mr. Steevens, which would make sense of it. The present reading, though supported by Johnson and Malone, is little better than nonsense, and there is this objection to it, that it was Juno not *Jove*, that persecuted the Trojans. *Jove* wished them well; and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say, that we abandon him to his friends. Let me add, that the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said that he abandoned Troy, from the sight *he bore of things*, without explaining it, by adding the words—to come. I should, therefore, adhere to that reading, which I consider as one of those happy amendments which do not require any authority to support them.

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in his having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

M. Mason.

6 — *Antenor,*] Very few particulars respecting this Trojan are preserved by Homer. But as Professor Heyne, in his seventh Excursus to the first *Æneid*, observes, “Fuit *Antenor* inter eos, in quorum rebus ornandis ii maxime scriptores laborarunt, qui narrationes Homericas novis commentis de suo onerarunt; non aliter ac si delectatio a mere fabulosis et temore effusis figmentis profisceretur.” *Steevens.*

7 — *such a wrest in their affairs,*] According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his *Dictionary*, the meaning is, that the loss of Antenor is such a violent distortion of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene [see p. 44—n. 1.] we had *o'er-rested* for *o'er-wrested*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay* or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—

That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.⁸

Agam. Let Diomed bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* *DIO.* and *CAL.*]

appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not the *loss* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonsense. *Malone.*

I have been informed that a *wrest* anciently signified a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the strings of some musical instruments were screwed or *wrested* up to their proper degree of tension. Antenor's advice might be supposed to produce a congenial effect on the Trojan councils, which otherwise

“——— must *slack*,

“Wanting his manage; —.” *Steevens.*

Wrest is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Malone supposes, in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by drawing up the strings. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, p. 50, describing a minstrel, says, his harp in good grace dependaunt before him; his *wreast* tyed to a green lace and hanging by.” And again, in Wynne's *History of the Gwedir Family*: “And setting forth very early before day, unwittingly carried upon his finger the *wrest of his cosen's harpe*.” To *wrest* is to wind. See Minsheu's *Dictionary*. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp; in the second part of Mersenna's *Harmonics*, p. 69; and in the *Syntagmata* of Prætorius, Vol. II, Fig. xix. *Douce.*

⁸ *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.

Johnson.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are* bent, why turn'd on
him:º

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

* *Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:*] If the eyes were *bent* on him, they were *turn'd* on him. This tautology, therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him: —. Stevens.

* Here, I suspect, a line has been lost. The General is requested to pass strangely by Achilles, to notice him not. The princes are told to pursue a different conduct, to *look* upon him as on a thing unworthy of regard. From the first part of the defective line, I am of opinion the impression expected to be made on Achilles by the conduct recommended by the General, and the *negligent* or unrespective gaze of the princes, formed distinct descriptions. I think the meaning our author must have intended is in substance—

'Tis like he 'll question me

Why such unplausive eyes are *strangely* bent,
Such *negligent* regard—why turn'd on him?

The words *strangely* and *negligent* regard I have introduced to render more clear the idea which I would wish to convey. *Am. Ed.*

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit MEN.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow,¹

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour² for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

¹ *Good morrow.*] Perhaps, in this repetition of the salute, we should read, as in the preceding instance,—Good morrow, *Ajax*; or, with more colloquial spirit,—*I say*, good morrow. Otherwise the metre is defective. *Steevens.*

² — but honour.—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but honour'd. *Malone.*

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,³
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself⁴
(That most pure spirit⁵ of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,⁶
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

³ — *how dearly ever parted,*] *However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. Johnson.*

Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, he describes Macilente as a man well *parted*; and in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, Sanazarro says of Lydia:

"And I, my lord, chose rather
"To deliver her better *parted* than she is,
"Than to take from her." *M. Mason.*

So, in a subsequent passage:

"—no man is the lord of any thing,
"(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
"Till he communicate his *parts* to others." *Malone.*

⁴ — *nor doth the eye itself &c.*] So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
"But by reflexion, by some other things." *Steevens.*

⁵ *To others' eyes:* —

(*That most pure spirit &c.*] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. *Pope.*

⁶ *For speculation turns not &c.*] *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
"Which thou dost glare with." *Malone.*

It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
 Who, in his circumstance,⁷ expressly proves—
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting)
 Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended; which, like⁸ an arch reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun,⁹ receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.¹
 Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown'd.² O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,^{3*}

⁷ — in his circumstance,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. *Johnson*.

⁸ — which, like —] Old copies—who, like —. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

⁹ — a gate of steel

Fronting the sun,] This idea appears to have been caught from some of our ancient romances, which often describe gates of similar materials and effulgence. *Stevens*.

¹ *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities, which were never brought into view or use. *Johnson*.

² — Now shall we see to-morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear. *Malone*.

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be:—*Now we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him—[we shall see] Ajax renown'd.* *Henley*.

³ *How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of no-

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride.
 While pride is fasting⁴ in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.⁵

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me

tice in the hall of fortune, while others, though they but *play the idiot*, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction. *Johnson.*

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of sight*. While some men, says Ulysses, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning *Malone.*

* I must differ in opinion with both the learned commentators on this passage. The meaning I take to be this:—

It is wonderful, *how some men* succeed, unendowed with talents; while *some men*, who possess every requisite, *leave to do*, or neglect to do: *How some men creep* into the good graces of fortune, while others, who have talents to command her smiles, *play the fool*, and forfeit her favours.

Mr. Malone's note on the next line supports what I have advanced, and the two lines which follow

"To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already

"They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;"

sufficiently explains the moral, and points the application. *Am. Ed.*

⁴ —fasting—] Quarto. The folio has *feasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. *Johnson.*

I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. *Malone.*

⁵ And great Troy shrinking.] The quarto—*shrinking*. The folio has, less poetically,—*shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene supports the reading of the quarto:

"Hark, how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;

"How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;

"And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead." *Malone.*

I prefer the reading of the folio. That the collective body of martial Trojans should *shrink* at sight of their hero's danger, is surely more natural to be supposed, than that, like frightened women, they would unite in a general *shriek*.

As to what Cassandra says, in the preceding note,—it is the fate of that lady's evidence—never to be received. *Steevens.*

Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,⁶
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,⁷
O'er-run⁸ and trampled on: Then what they do in pre-
sent,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,

⁶ *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back.*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. *Johnson.*

This image is literally from Spenser:

“And eke this wallet at your backe arreare —

— — — — —
“And in this bag, which I behinde me don,

“I put repentance for things past and gone.”
Fairy Queen, B. VI, c. viii, st. 24. *Boaden.*

⁷ — to the abject rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read—to the abject near. *Johnson.*

⁸ *O'er-run* &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present —.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins

Or, like a gallant horse —. *Johnson.*

The construction is, Or, like a gallant horse, &c. you lie there for pavement —; the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays which a similar ellipsis is found. So, in this play p. 115: “— but commends itself —,” instead of “— but it commends itself.”

Malone.

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,⁹
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,¹
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.²

⁹ — *Welcome ever smiles,*] The compositor inadvertently repeated the word *the*, which has just occurred, and printed—*the* welcome, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone*.

¹ *For beauty, wit, &c.*] The modern editors read :

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare. *Johnson*.

Dr. Johnson might have said,—the work of Shakspeare, as mangled by theatres, ignorant transcribers, and unskilful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written. *Steevens*.

² *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] [The old copies—*goe to dust.*] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read :

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than they will give to gold, o'er-dusted. *Theobald*.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article—to in the second line: he should have written :

More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted. *Johnson*.

Gilt, in the second line, is a substantive. See *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. iii.

Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performance ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things

The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,³
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions⁴ 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.⁵

Achil. Ha! known?⁶

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;⁷

past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

"Of honour'd bones indeed; —"

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in "monumental mockery." *Malone*.

³ — *went once on thee,*] So the quarto. The folio—*went out on thee.* *Malone*.

⁴ *Made emulous missions* —] The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. *Johnson*.

⁵ — *one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. *Steevens*.

⁶ *Ha! known?*] I must suppose that, in the present instance, some word, wanting to the metre, has been omitted. Perhaps the poet wrote—*Ha! is't known?* *Steevens*.

⁷ *Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;*] For this elegant line the quarto has only:

Knows almost every thing *Johnson*.

The old copy has—*Pluto's gold*; but, I think, we should read —*of Plutus' gold*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Act IV:

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought,⁸ and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.⁹
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle¹) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce² that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

" 'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold

" Lock'd in the heart of earth —." *Steevens.*

The correction of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification, though it was not admitted by Mr. Steevens in his own edition. The same error is found in *Julius Caesar*, Act IV, sc. iii, where it has been properly corrected:

" — within, a heart,

" Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold."

So, in this play, Act IV, sc. i, we find in the quarto—to *Calcho's* house, instead of—to *Calchas's* house. *Malone.*

⁸ *Keeps place with thought,*] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to—*Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty *Warburton.*

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the Divine Omnipresence in the 139th Psalm? *Henley.*

⁹ *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear, from the defect of the metre, that some word or two syllables was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. *Shakespeare* perhaps wrote:

Does thoughts themselves unveil in their dumb cradles,—

Or,

Does infant thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

So, in *King Richard III.*:

" And turn his infant morn to aged night."

In *Timon of Athens*, we have the same allusion:

" Joy had the like conception in my brain,

" And at that instant, like a babe sprung up." *Malone.*

¹ — (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) —] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover. *Johnson.*

² *All the commerce* —] Thus also is the word accented by Chapman, in his version of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*;
 "To labour's taste nor the commerce of men." *Steevens.*

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.³

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.⁴

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary⁵
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing;
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

³ —to air.] So the quarto. The folio—ayrie air. *Johnson.*

⁴ *My fame is shrewdly gor'd.*] So, in our author's 110th Sonnet:

"Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—

"Gor'd mine own thoughts, —." *Malone.*

⁵ *Omission to do &c.*] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before to lay hold upon us. *Johnson.*

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand:* ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard,⁶ as who should say—there were wit in this head, an.'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.⁷ The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms.⁸ I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe con-

⁶ — with a politick regard,] With a sly look. Johnson.

⁷ — it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.] So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

“Who, much enforced, shows a basty spark,

“And straight is cold again.” Steevens.

* — like a peacock, a stride, and a stand:] This is the description of the gait of the peacock, who takes a step, upon which he pauses before he advances the other foot. *Am. Ed.*

⁸ — he wears his tongue in his arms.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“My voice is in my sword.” Steevens.

duct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent; —

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.⁹

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.¹

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd: And I myself see not the bottom of it.²

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. and PATR.]

⁹ — to make catlings on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of catgut. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling*. *Stevens*.

¹ — the more capable creature.] The more intelligent creature. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, capable.”

See also Vol. XI, p. 334, n. 9. *Malone*.

² And I myself see not the bottom of it.] This is an image frequently introduced by our author. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]



ACT IV..... SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who 's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,³
During all question of the gentle truce:⁴
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

"I see the bottom of Justice Shallow." Again, in *King Henry VI*, Part II:

" — we then should see the bottom.

" Of all our fortunes." *Steevens.*

³ — valiant sir,] The epithet—*valiant*, appears to have been caught by the compositor from the the preceding speech, and is introduced here only to spoil the metre. *Steevens.*

⁴ During all question of the gentle truce:] I once thought to read:

During all quiet of the gentle truce:
But I think question means intercourse, interchange of conversation. *Johnson.*

See Vol. IV, p. 398, n. 9. Question of the gentle truce is conversation while the general truce lasts. *Malone.*

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,⁵
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you;⁶ 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;

⁵ — *By Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand.

Warburton.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. *Steevens.*

⁶ *His purpose meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. *Johnson.*

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.

Ænc. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio.

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;⁷
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.⁸

⁷ — a flat tamed piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which
the spirit is all flown. *Warburton.*

⁸ This word, with a somewhat similar sense, occurs in *Coriolanus*:

"His remedies are tame i' the present peace —." *Stevens.*

⁸ *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;*

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.] I read:

But he as he, each heavier for a whore?

Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. The
quarto reads:

But he as he, the heavier for a whore?

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must
then be read thus:

But he as he. Which heavier, for a whore?

That is, *for a whore* staked down, *which is the heavier?* *Johnson:*

As the quarto reads,

— the heavier for a whore,

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense ap-
pears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because
the contest between them is only for a strumpet. *Stevens.*

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weighed one
against the other, are exactly equal; in each of the scales, how-
ever, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be
placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one. This
is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,

— which heavier for a whore. *Malone.*

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

* *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practice the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. *Johnson.*

Dr. Warburton would read—*not sell.* *Steevens.*

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn.*

Tyrwhitt.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* very dear for, *if you have her.* So Ajax says, in a former scene: "however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have—

"To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs."

Again, in his 21st Sonnet:

"I will not *praise*, that purpose *not to sell.*"

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced.

Malone.

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one.

We'll not commend what we intend not sell,
is evidently opposed to—

"Dispraise the thing that you *desire to buy.*"
in the same speech.

Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warburton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples. *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill¹ those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,²
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights³ she
stays,

As tediously⁴ as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

¹ — Sleepkill —] So the old copies. The moderns have—*Sleep*
seal. *Johnson.*

Seal was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr.
Pope. *Malone.*

² — ribald crows,] See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III,
sc. viii. *Harrie.*

³ — venomous wights —] i. e. *venifici*; those who practise
nocturnal sorcery. *Steevens.*

⁴ *As tediously* —] The folio has:
As hideously as hell. *Johnson.*

Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre, with great probability,
reads:

Tedious as hell &c. Steevens.

Pan. [*within*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life, —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,⁵ and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!⁶ —
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o' the head! —

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if⁷ I meant naughtily.

⁵ — to do,] To do is here used in a wanton sense. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says: "I would fain be doing."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Lafew declares that he is "past doing." Collins.

⁶ — a poor capocchia!] Pandarus would say, I think, in English—Poor innocent! Poor fool! hast not slept to-night? These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. Theobald.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capochia* may perhaps be used with propriety in the same sense, when applied to a female; but the word has also an entirely different meaning, not reconcilable to the context here, for which I choose to refer the reader to Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, Malone.

⁷ — as if—] Here, I believe, a common ellipsis has been destroyed by a playhouse interpolation: *As*, in ancient language, has frequently the power of—as if. I would therefore omit the latter conjunction, which encumbers the line without enforcing the sense. Thus, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

"That with the noise it shook as it would fall." Steevens.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TRO. and CRES.*

Pan. [*going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch⁸ him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash:⁹ There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us;¹ and for him forthwith,

⁸ —yet go fetch &c.] Old copy, redundantly—but yet &c.

Steevens.

⁹ —matter is so rash:] My business is so hasty and so abrupt.

Johnson.

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

"—aconitum, or rash gunpowder." *Steevens.*

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

"Too like the lightning," &c. *Malone.*

¹ Deliver'd to us; &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith. *Johnson.*

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Ænc. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!²
I will go meet them: and, my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.³

Ænc. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.^{4*}

[*Exeunt TRO. and ÆNE.*]

² *How my achievements mock me!*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"And mock our eyes with air" *Steevens*.

³ *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

"I did not send you." *Malone*.

⁴ — the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder folios; but the first verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:

— the secrets of neighbour *Pandar*.

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:

The secret's things of nature, &c.

i. e. the *arcana natura*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. *Theobald*.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. *Johnson*.

I suppose the editor of the folio meant—the *secretest* of nature, and that *secrets* was an error of the press. So, in *Macbeth*:

"The secret'st man of blood" *Malone*

I suppose our author to have written—*secrecies*.

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"In nature's infinite book of *secrecy* —."

Wherever there is redundant metre, as in the reading of the quarto, corruption may always be suspected. *Steevens*.

* In the field of conjecture, though over-ran, there is still room for speculation. I cannot suppose *Æneas* in a very serious mood on the full discovery of *Troilus'* amour.—Suppose it were written thus:

— the secrets of *Love*

Have not more gift &c.

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;⁵ No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I 'll go in, and weep; —

Part. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

I am astonished that Mr. Theobald, who appears by his note to have some acquaintance with secrets, could not have found a place for this little natural secret, among the secrets of nature.

Am. Ed.

⁵ *I know no touch of consanguinity;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“He wants the natural touch.”

Touch of consanguinity is *sense or feeling of relationship.* *Malone.*

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.⁶

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning;⁷ and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:⁸—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;⁹
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Excunt.*]

⁶ — *I will not go from Troy.*] I believe the verb—*go* (which roughens this line) should be left out, in conformity to the ancient elliptical mode of writing, which, in like instances, omits it as unnecessary to sense. Thus, in p. 129, we find—

“I would not from thee;”

i. e. I would not *go* from thee. *Steevens.*

⁷ — *great morning;*] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism. *Steevens.*

⁸ *Comes fast upon:*] Though *fast upon*, only signifies—*fast on*, I must suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, we ought to read:

Comes fast upon us: —

The metre, as it stands at present, is obviously defective.

Steevens.

⁹ *Walk in to her house;*] Here, I believe, we have an interpolation similar to those in p. 131 and in the preceding page. In elliptical language the word—*walk* (which in the present instance destroys the measure) is frequently omitted. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

“*I 'll in and haste the writer.*”

i. e. I'll *walk*, or *go* in. Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “*I 'll in, I 'll in: follow your friend's advice; I 'll in.*” In, therefore, in the speech of Troilus, will signify *walk* or *go* in, the omitted verb being understood. *Steevens.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it:¹ How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

—— *o heart, o heavy heart*,²

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

¹ *The grief &c.] The folio reads:*

*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. —*

The quarto otherwise:

*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. —*

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

Johnson.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*:

"Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

And Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." Fuller's *Worthies in Anglesca*.

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: "Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome."

The modern and unauthorised reading was:

*And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it. — Steevens.*

² — *o heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added, for the sake of metre, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd³ a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other,⁴ must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,⁵

³ — strain'd—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have—*strange*. Johnson.

⁴ Did buy each other,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"A thousand kisses *buys* my heart from me,

"And pay them at thy leisure, one by one." Malone.

⁵ With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *consigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"But my *kisses* bring again,

"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted." Malone.

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.⁶

Ene. [*within*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,⁷ or
my heart will be blown up by the root!⁸ [*Exit PAN.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart, —

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?⁹

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death¹ himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

⁶ Distasted with the salt of broken tears.] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of broken sobs, or broken slumbers. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*distasting*. *Malone*.

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted tears*. So, in *King Henry VIII*: "You have now a *broken banquet*;" i. e. an interrupted one. *Steevens*.

⁷ Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That tears will drown the wind."

Perhaps, rain, to lay this wind! is an optative, and as if he had said—O for tears &c.! and so I have pointed it. *Steevens*.

⁸ — by the root!] So the folio. Quarto—by my throat.

Malone.

⁹ — what wicked deem is this?] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, opinion, surmise. *Steevens*.

¹ For I will throw my glove to death —] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. *Johnson*.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing;²

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,³
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt,⁴ nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

² They're *loving*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their loving*. This slight correction I proposed some time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It also has *gift of nature*. That emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. In the preceding line "*full of quality*," means, I think, absolute, perfect, in their dispositions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"So buxom, blithe, and *full of face*,

"As heaven had lent her all his grace." *Malone*.

The irregularity of metre in this speech, (unless the epithet—*loving* be considered as an interpolation,) together with the obscure phrase—*full of quality*, induce me to suspect the loss of some words which are now irretrievable. *Full of quality* however, may mean *highly accomplished*. So, in Chapman's version of the fourteenth *Iliad*:

"—Besides all this, he was well *qualified*."

The construction, indeed, may be—*of full quality*. Thus, in the same translator's version of the third *Iliad*, "*full of size*" is apparently used for—*of full size*. *Steevens*.

³ — *with person*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*with portion*. *Steevens*.

⁴ — *the high lavolt*,] The *lavolto* was a dance. See Vol. IX. p. 284, n. 5. *Steevens*.

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly:⁵ but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within*] Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*within*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;⁶
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,⁷—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port,⁸ lord, I'll give her to thy hand;

⁵ *There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly:*] This passage may chance to remind the reader of another in *Othello*:

“For here's a young and sweating devil here,

“That commonly rebels.” *Steevens.*

⁶ — *catch mere simplicity;*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. *Johnson.*

⁷ — *the moral of my wit*

Is—plain, and true,] *Moral*, in this instance, has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III, sc. iv:

“Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus.”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, sc. iv:

“— he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens.” *Tollet.*

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.²
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio.

Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 In praising her:¹ I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,²
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

² *At the port,]* The *port* is the *gate*. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

"That keeps the *ports* of slumber open wide." *Stevens*.

¹ — possess thee what she is.] I will make thee fully understand.
 This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author.

Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" — Is he yet *possess'd*"

"How much you would?" *Stevens*.

¹ *To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,*

In praising her:] [Old copies—the *zeal*.] *To shame the zeal*
 of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:

To shame the zeal —

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*.

Warburton.

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomed does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation:

"I charge thee, use her well, *even for my charge*."

Malone.

² *She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,]* So, in *The Tempest*:

" — she will outstrip all praise —." *Stevens*.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:³ And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,⁴ Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TRO. CRES. and DIO. Trumpet heard.*]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

³ — my lust:] *List*, I think, is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. *Johnson*.

Lust is inclination, will. *Henley*.

So, in *Exodus*, xv, 9: "I will divide the spoil; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them."

In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. So, in Chapman's version of the seventeenth *Iliad*:

"— Sarpedon, guest and friend

"To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,

"And left'st to all the *lust* of Greece."

I'll answer to my lust, means—I'll follow my inclination.

Stevens.

Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,

"Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*." *Malone*.

⁴ — I'll tell thee,] This phraseology (instead of—"I tell thee") occurs almost too frequently in our author to need exemplification. One instance of it, however, shall be given from *King John*, Act V, sc. vi:

"I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night

"Passing these flats are taken by the tide."

Again, in the first line of *King Henry V*:

"My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd —."

Mr. Malone, conceiving this mode of speech to be merely a printer's error, reads, in the former instance—"I tell thee," though, in the two passages just cited, he retains the ancient, and perhaps the true reading. *Stevens*.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.⁵

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,⁶
Anticipating time with starting courage.

⁵ *Dei.* Let us make ready straight. &c.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. *Johnson.*

This last speech cannot possibly belong to *Diomed*, who was a Grecian, and could not have addressed Paris and *Aeneas*, as if they were going on the same party. This is, in truth, a continuation of the speech of *Paris*, and the preceding stage direction should run thus: "*Eneunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed who had the charge of Cressida.*" *M. Mason.*

To the first of these lines, "*Let us make ready straight,*" is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.*

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors, for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of *Diomed*, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From *Aeneas*'s first speech, in p. 132, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this Act, *Deiphobus* appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded. As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by *Shakspeare* that *Diomed* should make his exit with *Troilus* and *Cressida*. *Malone.*

⁶ — in appointment fresh and fair,] Appointment is preparation. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Therefore your best appointment make with speed."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

"What well-appointed tender frosts us here?"

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek?

Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil.

'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, i ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio.

Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;

And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

i. e. what leader well prepared with arms and accoutrements?

Steevens.

On the other hand, in *Hamlet*:

"Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanneal'd." *Malone.*

7 — *bias cheek* —] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

Johnson.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612:

"— 'Faith his cheek

"Has a most excellent *bias* —."

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. *Steevens.*

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive ?⁸

Patr. Both take and give.⁹

Cres. I'll make my match to live,¹
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.²

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.³

⁸ *In kissing, do you render, or receive ?*] Thus, Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:

“ — Fair lady, by your leave,

“ I come by note, to give, and to receive.” *Steevens.*

⁹ *Patr. Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus *Tyrwhitt.*

¹ *I'll make my match to live,*] I will make such *bargains* as I may live by, *such as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. *Johnson.*

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life.* *Tyrwhitt.*

² *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of a rhyme we should read:

Why, beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. *Johnson.*

³ *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it,

“ When Helen is a maid again, —”

Dio. Lady, a word;—I 'll bring you to your father.

[*Dio. leads out CRES.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss.

Fy, fy upon her!

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks;⁴ her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.⁵

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,⁶

She tells him that then he shall have it,—When Helen is a maid
again:

“*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due,

“*Ulyss.* Never 's my day, and then a kiss for you.”

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the
present reading is right. *Johnson.*

⁴ *There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,*

Nay, her foot speaks; &c.] One would almost think that *Shak-*
speare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who
says—“*Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es*
voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce;” i. e. “They say no-
thing with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake
with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies.” I
have borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the
translation of it, from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III,
Sect. ii, Memb. 2, Subs. 3. *Steevens.*

⁵ — motive of her body.] *Motive, for part that contributes to*
motion. Johnson.

This word is also employed with some singularity, in *All 's Well*
that Ends Well.

“As it hath fated her to be my motive

“And helper to a husband.” *Steevens.*

⁶ O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,] Ere what comes?
As this passage stands, the pronoun *it* has no antecedent. *John-*
son says, a coasting means an amorous address, courtship, but he
has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can pos-
sibly bear that meaning. I have no doubt but we should read:

And give accosting welcome ere it come. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious; and
yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A coasting welcome may mean a side-long glance of invitation.
Ere it comes, may signify, before such an overture has reached her.
Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that
Cressida is one of those females who throw out their lure, before
any like signal has been made to them by our sex.

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by ex-
amples; and yet, perhaps, I may be allowed to add, that in some

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,⁷

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands?⁸ Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity⁹
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam.

Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,¹

old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. So, in *Othello*:

"They do discharge their shot of courtesy;

"Our friends, at least."

Again:

"They give this greeting to the citadel:

"This likewise is a friend."

Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. *Steevens.*

A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome; that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,

"And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry." *Malone.*

⁷ — *sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. *Johnson.*

⁸ — what shall be done

To him that victory commands?] This phrase is scriptural, and signifies—*what honour shall he receive?* So, in *Samuel I*, xvii, 26:
"What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?"

Steevens.

⁹ — *to the edge of all extremity* —] So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "To the extreme edge of hazard." *Steevens.*

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne.

If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

¹ 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,] This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon. *Malone.*

It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say—

“If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point.

Theobald.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but *Theobald* is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is this very speech, so much in character, that makes *Æneas* immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply—

“If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride.—I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons. *M. Mason.*

—securely done,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus—securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. *Warburton*

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks the sense peculiar to Shakspeare; “for (says he) I have not been able to trace it elsewhere.” This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“O damned devil, how *secure* he is.”

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, “—neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents.” And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in *Hoby's* translation of *Castilio*, 1561: “Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscan tongue.”

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. *Farmer.*

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;²

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:³

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.⁴

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you,

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath:⁵ the combatants being kin,

Half stints⁶ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECT. enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;⁷

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

² *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." *Johnson.*

³ *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:*] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. *Malone.*

⁴ — *half Trojan, and half Greek.*] Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a mongrel. See p. 58, n. 7. *Malone.*

⁵ — *a breath:*] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms. See p. 79, n. 6. *Steevens.*

⁶ — *stints* —] i. e. stops. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"— make peace, stint war —." *Steevens.*

⁷ — *deedless in his tongue:*] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds. *Steevens.*

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought⁸ with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects;⁹ but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.¹

[*Alarum.* HECT. and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
 Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

⁸ — *an impair thought*—] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. *Johnson.*

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man" &c. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *Hector, — subscribes*

To tender objects;] That is, *yields, gives way.* *Johnson.*

So, in *King Lear*: "—*subscrib'd* his power;" i. e. submitted.

Steevens.

¹ — *thus translate him to me.*] Thus explain his character.

Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;

"You must *translate*." *Steevens.*

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt,² should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition³ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself⁴

² *My sacred aunt,*] It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of Sacred, *ἁγιος*. Patruus avunculus ὁ πατρὶς παλῆος θείος, Gaz. de Senec. patruus ὁ πρὸς μητρός θείος, avunculus, Budæi Lexic.—*ἁγιος* is also used absolutely for ὁ πρὸς παλῆος θείος, Euripid. Iphigen. Taurid. l. 930.

“Ἰφι. Ἡ που νεοπύλλας δέος ὑπερῶν δόμος.”

And Xenoph. *Kyrou paide*. Lib. I. passim. *Vaillant*.

This circumstance may tend to establish an opinion I have elsewhere expressed, that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown. *Steevens*.

³ *A great addition* —] i. e. denomination. *Steevens*.

⁴ *Not Neoptolemus* so mirable

(*On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes,*
Cries, This is he,) *could promise to himself* &c.] Dr. Warburton observes, that “the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare.” In the rage of correction therefore he reads:

Not Neoptolemus's sire irascible.

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention. *Malone*.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;⁵
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As sold I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview

himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. *Johnson.* Shakespeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. *Wilfride Holme*, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will show:

"Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
"By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
"Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
"Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
"O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
"For multitude of people was there mortificate
"With condigne Priamus and all his progenie,
"And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In *Lydgate*, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and *Pyrrhus*, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

"The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
"That had his haire as blacke as any jet," &c. p. 102.

and *Pyrrhus*, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

"Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
"Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
"To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
"He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 237. *Steevens.*

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens, in thinking that Shakespeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not *Pyrrhus*, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 121, by which it appears that he knew *Pyrrhus* had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

"But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus*, now at home," &c. *Malone.*

⁵ We'll answer it;] That is, answer the expectance. *Johnson.*

To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.⁶

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms!⁷ as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,⁸
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.⁹

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Tro.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

⁶ — *your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side of the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. *Steevens.*

These knights, to the amount of about two hundred thousand, (for there were not less in both armies) Shakspeare found, with all the appendages of chivalry, in *The Three Destructions of Troy*.

Malone.

⁷ *Worthy of arms!*] Folio. *Worthy all arms!* Quarto. The quarto has only the first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. *Johnson.*

⁸ — *divine integrity,*] i. e. integrity like that of heaven.

Steevens.

⁹ — *most imperious Agamemnon*] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“*Imperious* supreme of all mortal things.” *Malone.*

Again, in *Titus and Andronicus*:

“King, be thy thoughts *imperious*, like thy name.” *Steevens.*

Men.

The noble Menelaus.¹

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:²
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth:³ and I have seen
thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur⁴ thy Phrygian steed,

¹ *Men. The noble Menelaus.*] Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to *Aeneas*. *Reed.*

As I cannot suppose that Menelaus would style himself "the noble Menelaus," I think Ritson right in giving this speech to *Aeneas*. *M. Mason.*

² *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:

Mock not thy affect, the untreaded earth. *Johnson.*

— the untraded oath;] A singular oath, not in common use. So, in *King Richard II.*

"— some way of common trade"

Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear; unless the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 4to. 1577, sign. M ij: "At this upper borde next unto Jupiter on the right hande sat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddesse his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr satte *Venus*, the goddesse of love, with a *GLOVE* made of *floures* sticking in hyr bosome." *Malone.*

Glove, in the preceding extract, must be a corruption of some other word, perhaps of—*Globe*. A flowery globe might have been worn by Venus as an emblem of the influence of Love, which, by adding graces and pleasures to the world, may, poetically, be said to cover it with flowers.

Our ancient nose-gays also (as may be known from several old engravings) were nearly globular. But what idea can be communicated by a *glove* made of *flowers*? or how could any form resembling a *glove*, be produced out of such materials? *Steevens.*

³ *Labouring for destiny, &c.*] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"— His sword, death's stamp,

"Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot

"He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

"Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

"The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

"With shunless destiny." *Malone.*

⁴ *As hot as Perseus, spur*—] As the equestrian fame of *Perseus*, on the present occasion, must be alluded to, this simile will serve

Despising many forfeits and subduements,⁶
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd;⁶
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,⁷
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.⁸

to countenance my opinion, that in a former instance his *horæ* was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, for a ship. See p. 34, n. 3. *Steevens.*

⁶ *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

"And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.* *Johnson.*

⁶ *When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air, Not letting it decline on the declin'd;*] Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in the second Act of his *Busiris*:

"—— my rais'd arm

"Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,

"And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe." *Steevens.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

"And hangs resolv'd correction in the air,

"That was uprear'd to execution."

The *declin'd* is the *fallen*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Not one accompanying his declining foot." *Malone.*

⁷ Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. i:

"Death, that dark spirit, in 's nerry arm doth lie;

"Which being *advanc'd, declines*; and then men die."

Am. Ed.

⁷ — *thy grandsire,*] *Laomedon.* *Steevens.*

⁸ *'Tis the old Nestor.*] So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"Old Cassius still."

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, *Æneas* means, "Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be." He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Nestor is the person who has addressed him. *Malone.*

I believe, that *Æneas*, who acts as master of the ceremonies is now merely announcing Nestor to Hector, as he had before

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend⁹ with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour,* lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,¹

announced Menelaus to him; for, as Mr. Ritson has observed, the first speech in p. 153, most evidently belongs to Æneas. *Stevens*,

9 *As they contend*—] This line is not in the quarto. *Johnson*.

* *I know your favour*,] I know your features, I know your countenance. *Am. Ed.*

¹ *Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds*,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Threatening cloud kissing Ilion with annoy."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds."

Ilion, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, "that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they rought up unto the heaven." *The Destruction of Troy*, Book II, p. 478

So also Lydgate, sign. F 8, verso:

"And whan he gan to his worke approche,

"He made it builde hye upon a roche,

"It for to assure in his foundation,

"And called it the noble *Ylion*."

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote, in the first Act, these lines. Troilus is the speaker:

"Between our Ilium, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]

"Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood." *Malone*.

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !²—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;³
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.⁴

² *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !*] Should we not read — *though ?* Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, Act III, sc. i :

“ — O dissembling woman,
“ Whom I must reverence *though* —.” *Tyrwhitt.*

The repetition of *thou*! was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night* : “ — if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.”

Again, in *The Tempest* :

“ Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou* !”
Again, in the first scene of the fifth Act of this play : “ — thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou* !” *Steevens.*

Steevens's observations on the use of the word *thou* are perfectly just, and therefore I agree with Tyrwhitt that we ought to read : “ — lord Ulysses, *though* !” as it could not be the intention of Achilles to affront Ulysses, but merely to inform him, that he expected to entertain Hector before he did. *M. Mason.*

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true ; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. *Malone.*

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces.

Steevens.

³ *Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;*] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is taken from Lydgate. See p. 178. *Steevens.*

⁴ *And quoted joint by joint.*] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I am sorry that with better heed than judgment
“ I had not quoted him.”

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,⁵

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

"*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin." *Steevens.*

⁵ But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,] A stithy is an
anvil, and from hence the verb stithied is formed. *M. Mason.*

The word is still used in Yorkshire. *Malone.*

A stith is an anvil, a stithy a smith's shop. See *Hamlet*, Act
III, sc. ii, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.⁶

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars,⁷ since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive⁸ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines,⁹ let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.¹

[*Exeunt all but Tro. and Ulyss.*

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,

⁶ — the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achil-les with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a *stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it.

M. Mason.

⁷ — pelting wars,] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Have every pelting river made so proud," &c.

See Vol. II, p. 272, n. 6. *Steevens.*

⁸ — convive —] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. 1. no date. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Beat loud the tabourines,*] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—

To taste your bounties.

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. *Johnson.*

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Steevens.*

¹ *That this great soldier may his welcome know.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That this great king may kindly say,

"Our duties did his welcome pay." *Steevens.*

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V..... SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.²—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.³

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature,⁴ what's the news?

² *I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.*] Grammar requires us to read—

*With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his blood,
Which &c.*

Otherwise, Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood. *Steevens.*

³ — *to the height.*] The same phrase occurs in *K. Henry VIII.*:
“He's traitor to the height.” *Steevens.*

⁴ *Thou crusty batch of nature,*] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*.
Johnson.

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box,⁵ or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity!⁶ and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet,⁷ you rogue! what 's that?

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Catiline*:

"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612: "The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: "Hast thou made a good *batch*? I pray thee give me a new leaf."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "Is all the rest of this *batch*?"

Thersites had already been called *cobloaf*. *Steevens*.

⁵ *The surgeon's box,*] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tens*. *Hanmer*.

⁶ *Well said, Adversity!*] *Adversity*, I believe, in this instance, signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess, addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue) says—"avaunt, *Perplexity*!" *Steevens*.

⁷ *Male varlet,*] Sir T. Hanmer—*Male harlot*, plausibly enough except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. *Johnson*.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*: "—'tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" *Farmer*.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is *Bellafronte*, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. I have no doubt that the text is right. *Malone*.

There is nothing either criminal or extraordinary in a *male varlet*. The word *preposterous* is well adapted to express the idea of Thersites. The sense therefore requires that we should adopt Hanmer's amendment. *M. Mason*.

Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*. See, however, Professor Heyne's 17th *Excursus* on the first Book of the *Æneid*, edit. 1787, p. 161. *Steevens*.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies,⁸ raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt;⁹ you whoreson indistinguishable cur,^{1*} no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk,² thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies;³ diminutives of nature!⁴

Patr. Out, gall!⁵

⁸ — *cold palsies*,] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was, in my opinion, judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. *Johnson*.

⁹ — *you ruinous butt*; &c.] Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. *Johnson*. The same idea occurs in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form." *Steevens*.

¹ — *indistinguishable cur*,] i. e. thou cur of an undeterminate shape. *Steevens*.

* I think the meaning is, cur of an undistinguishable breed—so deformed, that no class of the species can claim him.

Am. Ed.

² — *thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk*,] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. *Johnson*.

³ — *such water-flies*;] So, Hamlet, speaking of Osrick:

"Dost know this water-fly?" *Steevens*.

⁴ — *diminutives of nature*!] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— be shown

"For poor'st *diminutives*, for dolts, —." *Steevens*.

⁵ Out, gall!] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author—

Ther. Finch egg!⁶

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;⁷
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt *ACHIL.* and *PATR.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too
little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's
Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that
loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax:
And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,
the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial
of cuckolds;⁸ a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain,

thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the
conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out gall!*

Johnson.
⁶ *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an
useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a
singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed.

Johnson.
A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach
it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. *Steevens.*

⁷ *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumstance taken
from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy.* *Hammer.*

⁸ *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the
bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;*] He
calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that is, as himself
explains it, the *bull*, on account of his horns, which he had as a
cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*;
i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great
archetype of his character. *Warburton.*

Mr. Heath observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because
it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition,
that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns." *Steevens.*

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than
horned, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton,
I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is the
primitive statue, &c. *Malone.*

hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit,⁹ turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,¹ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!²

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax.

No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect.

I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss.

Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

⁹ — *forced with wit,*] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. *Johnson*.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ — the hot desire of *quails*,

“ To yours is modest appetite.” *Stevens*.

In old French, *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par le Roux*, under the article *caille*, are these words:

“ Chaud comme une *caille*. —

“ *Caille* coëffée, — Sobriquet qu'on donne aux *femmes*. Signifie femme éveillé, amoureuse.”

So, in Rabelais: — “ *Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;” which Motteux has thus rendered (probably from the old translation): “ coated quails and laced mutton, waggishly singing.”

Malone.

¹ — a fitchew,] i. e. a *polecat*. So, in *Othello*: “ 'Tis such another fitchew, marry a perfum'd one —.” *Stevens*.

² — *spirits and fires*.] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. *Johnson*.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.³

Ther. Sweet draught:⁴ Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt AGAM. and MEN.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to TROI.*]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect.

And so good night.

[*Exit DIO.; ULYSS. and TROI. following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHIL. HECT. AJAX, and NEST.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;⁵ but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,⁶ there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,⁷ and uses the traitor

³ — *sweet Menelaus.*] Old copy, redundantly,—sweet lord Menelaus. *Stevens.*

⁴ *Sweet draught:*] *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. *Malone.*

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places. *Stevens.*

⁵ — *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound:*] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says—"Brabbling curs never want sore ears." *Anonymous.*

⁶ *prodigious,*] i. e. portentous, ominous. So, in *King Richard III.* "Prodigious, and untimely brought to light." *Stevens.*

Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [within] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [within] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them
THESSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you.

[*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.*

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;† she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;‡

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

* — they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate. Steevens.

† She will sing any man at first sight.] We now say—sing at sight. The meaning is the same. Malone.

‡ — her cliff;] That is, her key. Clef, French. Johnson.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.

Sir J. Hawkins.

§ Nay, but do then;] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the word —Nay, should be omitted. Yet such is the irregularity or mutilation of this dialogue, that it is not always easy to determine how much of it was meant for prose or verse. Steevens.

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed, —

Dio. No, no, good night! I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray
you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, my good lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction;² come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

² *You flow to great destruction;*] Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to *imminent danger.* *Malone.*

The folio has:

You flow to great distraction; —.

The quarto:

You flow to great destruction; —. *Johnson.*

I would adhere to the old reading: *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions.

Steevens.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just before:

“ — this place is dangerous;

“ The time right deadly.” *M. Mason.*

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.³

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together!⁴ Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.⁵

³ — *palter.*] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“And palter in the shifts of lowness.” *Steevens.*

⁴ *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*] Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *keep this sleeve.*] The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve for a favour, is mentioned in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 12: “— One

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss.

My lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cres. No matter, now⁶ I have 't again.

ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the *Morte Arthur*, p. 3, ch. 119: "When Queen Ge-
wever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire
maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger."
Holinshed, p. 844, says, King Henry VIII "had on his head a
ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was
adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040:
"She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*." A *pencell* is a small
pennon or streamer. Steevens.

In an old play, (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this
incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are intro-
duced by way of interlude; and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O knight, with valour in thy face,

"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;

"Within thy helmet put the same,

"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystories of Troye*, tells us,
"Bryseyde whom master Chaucer calleth Cresseyde, was a damosell
of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of
vagaunt condysions." Farmer.

This *sleeve* was given by *Troilus* to *Cressida* at their parting,
and she gave him a glove in return. M. Mason.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of *ladies'*
sleeves is certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present in-
stance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an
ornamented cuff, such perhaps, as was worn by some of our young
nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On second consideration, I believe, the sleeve of *Troilus*,
which is here given to *Diomed*, was such a one as was formerly
worn at tournaments. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit.
1633: "Also the deepe smocke *sleeve*, which the Irish women
use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and
yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in
armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in arms by
many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much
like to that sleive." Malone.

⁶ No matter, now &c.] Old copies, redundantly, — *It is no mat-
ter, &c.* Steevens.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.⁷

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.⁸—Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will. But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,⁹ And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

⁷ *I shall have it.*] Some word or words, necessary to the metre, are here apparently omitted. *Steevens.*

⁸ *As I kiss thee. &c.*] In old editions:

As I kiss thee.

Dio. *Nay do not snatch it from me.*

Cres. *He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.*

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously; and Diomedes snatches it back from her. *Theobald.*

⁹ *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to. *Warburton.*

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The silver-shining queen he would disdain;

"Her twinkling hand-maids too, by him defil'd,

"Through night's black bosom should not peep again."

Malone.

Milton, in his *Elegy I*, v. 77, has imitated Shakspeare:

"—cælo scintillant astra sereno"

"*Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ.*" *Steevens.*

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn.
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto:¹ but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.— [*Exit Dio.*
Troilus, farewell!² one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.³—

¹ *Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: &c.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer gives this speech to Troilus. It does not very much resemble the language of Thersites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though it is here given as it stands in the folio, and the quarto 1609, "imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Whalley." *Steevens.*

² *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:

"She gave her heart and love to Diomedé,
"To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
"For she of her new love no sooner sped,
"But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,
"As if she never had him known or seen,
"Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean." *Steevens.*

³ *But with my heart &c.*] I think it should be read thus:

But my heart with the other eye doth see. Johnson.

Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my heart doth see. Tyrwhitt.

The present reading is right. She means to say—"one eye yet look on thee, Troilus, but the other corresponds with my heart, and looks after Diomedes." *M. Mason.*

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit CRES.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
 more,⁴

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;⁵

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.⁶

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.⁷

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!⁸

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,⁹—to square the general sex

⁴ *A proof of strength she could not publish more,*] She could not publish a stronger proof. *Johnson.*

⁵ *That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;*] i. e. that turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.

Theobald.
⁶ *I cannot conjure, Trojan!*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. *Johnson.*

⁷ *Most sure she was.*] The present deficiency in the measure induces me to suppose our author wrote:

It is *most sure she was.* *Steevens.*

⁸ — for womanhood!] i. e. for the sake of womanhood.

Steevens.

⁹ — do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,¹

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!²

Bi-fold authority!³ where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;⁴ this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight⁵

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate⁶

For depravation,] Critick has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"And critick Timon laugh at idle toys." *Malone*.

¹ *If there be rule in unity itself,]* may mean—If there be certainty in unity, if there be a rule that one is one. *Johnson*.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

M. Mason.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that one cannot be two. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this false one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. *Malone*.

² — *against itself!]* Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*against ihyself*. In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—*This is not she*. *Malone*.

³ *Bi-fold authority!]* This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority! —

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. *Johnson*.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. *Malone*.

⁴ *Where reason can revolt*

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

Johnson.

⁵ *Within my soul there doth commence a fight —]* So, in *Hamlet*:

"Sir, in my heart, there was a kind of fighting." *Malone*.

Divides more wider⁷ than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.⁸
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

⁶ — *a thing inseparate* —] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. *Malone*.

⁷ — *more wider* —] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far* wider; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. *Malone*.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

"He bears himself *more proudlier*."

See note on this passage. *Steevens*.

⁸ *As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter*] *Is*,—the syllable wanting in this verse, the modern editors have supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos read with the folio, *Ariachna's* broken woof, and the other *Ariathna's*. It is not impossible that Shakspeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names, or the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

"—instead of these poor weeds, in robes

"Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,

"Or *Cytherea's* airy-moving vest."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"—thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,

"Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd."

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

"Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;

"But not an *Ariadne* in the world

"To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,

"The very maze of horror."

Shakspeare, however, might have written—*Arachnea*; great liberties being taken in spelling proper names, and especially by ancient English writers. Thus we have both *Alcmene* and *Alcumene*, *Alcmene* and *Alcumena*. *Steevens*.

My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Ariachna's* broken woof; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says—*Ariathna's*. The folio—*Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the mistake was not originally the author's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables. *Malone*.

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied,⁹
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.¹

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus² be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he 'll bear on his helm;

9 — *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
 "In true-love *knots*, which nought but death shall loose."
Malone.

1. *The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,*

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith are bound to Diomed.] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. *Johnson.*

The image is not of the most delicate kind. "Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments, scraps, &c.* show that this was Shakspeare's meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Give me *excess* of it [music]; that *surfeiting*

"The *appetite* may *sicken* and so *die*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"The commonwealth is *sick* of their own choice;

"Their *over-greedy* LOVE hath *surfeited*,—

"O thou fond many! with what loud applause

"Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

"Before he was what thou would'st have him be!

"And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

"Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

"That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up." *Malone.*

2 *May worthy Troilus* —] Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. *Johnson.*

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it:³ not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,⁴
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁵

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
 adieu:—
 Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!⁶

³ *My sword should bite it:*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:
 “—I have a sword, and it shall bite,” &c.

In *King Lear* we have also “biting faulchion.” *Steevens.*

⁴ ——— the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,] A particular account of
 “a spout,” is given in Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quar-
 to, 1627: “A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely
 from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the
 sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;” i. e.
 in the language of Shakspeare, to dizzy the ear of Neptune.

So also, Drayton:

“And down the shower impetuously doth fall

“Like that which men the hurricano call.” *Steevens.*

⁵ — concupy.] A cant word, formed by our author from *concu-
 piscence.* *Steevens.*

⁶ — and wear a castle on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with
 armour of more than common security.

So, in *The most ancient and famous History of the renowned Prince
 Arthur*, &c. edit. 1634, ch. clviii: “Do thou thy best, said Sir Ga-
 waine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou
 well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest castle
 that thou hast upon thy head.”—*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems
 to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your
 head*; i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's *Chau.*

Ulyss. I 'll bring you⁷ to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TRO. AENE. and ULYSS.*]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!⁸ [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.⁹

cer, Sir Thopas is represented with a castle by way of crest to his helmet. See, however, *Titus Andronicus*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens.*

⁷ *I 'll bring you &c.*] Perhaps this, and the following short speech, originally stood thus:

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates, my lord.

Tro.

Accept

Distracted thanks. Steevens.

⁸ — *A burning devil take them!*] Alluding to the venereal disease, formerly called the *brenning* or *burning*. *M. Mason.*

So, in *Isaiah*, iii, 24: "— and burning instead of beauty."

Steevens.

⁹ *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, Mr Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15,147:

"Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
"That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
"She dremed on the same night beforne,
"How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
"If thilke day he went into bataille:
"She warned him, but it might not availle;
"He went forth for to fighten natheles,
"And was yslain anon of Achilles." *Steevens.*

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,¹
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish² vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,³

My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day; forebode ill to it, and show that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the seventh scene of this Act:

"—— the quarrel's most ominous to us."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"—— O thou bloody prison,

"Fatal and ominous to noble peers!"

Mr. Pope, and all the subsequent editors, read—*will prove ominous to-day. Malone.*

Do we gain any thing more than rough versification by restoring the article—*the*? The meaning of Andromache (without it) is—*My dreams will to-day be fatally verified. Steevens.*

¹ *—— dear petition,*] *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean *important, consequential*. So, in *King Lear*:

"—— some dear cause

"Will in concealment wrap me up awhile." Steevens.

² *—— peevish ——*] i. e. foolish. So, in *King Henry VI, Part II*:

"—— I will not so presume,

"To send such peevish tokens to a king." Steevens.

³ *For we would give &c.*] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

"—— do not count it holy,

"To hurt by being just; it is as lawful

"For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

"And rob in the behalf of charity." Johnson.

I believe we should read:

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose,⁴ that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:⁵
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man⁶
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading:

For us to count we give what 's gain'd by theft,
and all the subsequent editors have copied him. The last three lines are not in the quarto, the compositor's eye having probably passed over them; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this.

In the first part of Andromache's speech she alludes to a doctrine which Shakspeare has often enforced. "Do not think you are acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have sworn to do amiss." So, in *King John*:

"——— where doing tends to ill,

"The truth is then most done, not doing it." *Malone.*

⁴ *It is the purpose,*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent" *Johnson.*

⁵ *Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:*] If this be not a nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we should read:

Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate:

i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in; mine honour will avert the storms of fate, will protect my life amidst the dangers of the field.—A somewhat similar phrase occurs in *The Tempest*:

"In the lime grove that *weather-fends* our cell." *Steevens.*

* This is certainly a nautical phrase.—The meaning of which is, that fate should never meet him unprotected by honour.—Fate might command his life, but his honour would triumph over fates.

Am. Ed.

⁶ — dear man —] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our author's manner.

Johnson.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"This is *dear* mercy, and thou seest it not." *Steevens.*

Brave was substituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CAS.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion,⁷ than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.⁸

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;

⁷ *Which better fits a lion,*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

Johnson.

Thus, in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, ch. 16: "The lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature so ever lieth prostrate before him." *Steevens.*

Hence Spenser's Una, attended by a lion. *Fairy Queen*, I, iii, 7. See also Sir Perceval's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. XIV, c. vi.

T. Warton.

⁸ *When many times the captive Grecians fall,*—

You bid them rise, and live.] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad*:

"Οὐ γάρ μίλικος ἔσκε πατὴρ τίος ἐν δαί λυγρῇ."

"For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." *Pope.*

"Thy father, boy, bore never into fight

"A milky mind, —." *Cowper. Steevens.*

And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.*

Hect. Fy, savage, fy!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.⁹

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon¹ my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;²
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:

* Spur them to *piteous* work, rein them from *pity*. *Am. Ed.*

⁹ *Hector, then 'tis wars.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we ought to read:

Why, *Hector, then 'tis wars.*

Shakspeare frequently uses this adverb emphatically, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Ninus' tomb, man: *Why*, you must not speak that yet." *Steevens.*

¹ — *with fiery truncheon* —] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

In *Elizabetha Triumphans*, 1588, a poem, in blank verse, written by James Aske, on the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen appears, indeed,

"Most brauely mounted on a stately steede,

"With *truncheon* in her hand, —." *Steevens.*

² *with recourse of tears*;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. *Warburton.*

So, in *As you Like it*:

"—— the big round tears

"*Cours'd* one another down his innocent nose —." *Steevens*

Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect;³ but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit AND.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.⁴
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours⁵ forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,⁶
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

³ — *shame respect;*] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. *Steevens.*

⁴ *O farewell, dear Hector.*] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate.

Steevens.

⁵ — *shrills her dolours* —] So, in Spenser's *Epithalamium*:

"Hark, how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud

"Their merry musick" &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss,

"With my concave trump." *Steevens.*

⁶ *Behold, destruction, frenzy, &c.*] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *destruction* substituted *distraction*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. *Malone.*

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewel: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.⁷

As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too;
and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were

⁷ In the folios, and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. *Steevens.*

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the transposition proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the folio at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, (with a very slight variation) are these:

"*Pan.* Why but hear you —"

"*Tro.* Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and shame

"Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!"

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words — *But hear you*); no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its present place, precisely as it is here given; but the three lines above quoted do not constitute any part of the scene. For the repetition of those three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are answerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy.

Malone.

But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*]

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barism,¹ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROIILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TRO. and DIO. fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?²

Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

¹ — to proclaim barbarism,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

² Art thou of blood, and honour?] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed: *Johnson.*

“And am her knight by proof.” *Steevens.*

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat.

Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says:

“These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

“A meaner than myself.”

We learn from Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 165, edit. 1735, that “the Laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered, that he was neither Earl nor Lord, but a Baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse. But his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.”

These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazar*, Act IV, sc. vii. *Reed.*

SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
 Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
 And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.*I go, my lord. [*Exit Serv.*]*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
 Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon³
 Hath Doreus prisoner;
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,⁴
 Upon the pashed⁵ corpses of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedijs: Polixenes is slain;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁶

³ — *bastard Margarelon* —] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. *Theobald*.

The circumstance was taken from Lydgate, p. 194:

"Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,

"One of king Priam's bastard children," &c. *Steevens*.

⁴ — *waving his beam*,] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam; as Goliath's spear is described. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, vii, 40:

"All were the beame in bignes like a mast." *Steevens*.

⁵ — *pashed* —] i. e. bruised, crushed. So, before, Ajax says—

"I'll pash him o'er the face." *Steevens*.

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks,⁷ ripe for his edge,

⁶ — *scaled sculls* —] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors, not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from Bullokar's *English Expositor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement to another. Again, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. VII, v. 399, &c.:

"——— each bay

"With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals

"Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales

"Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft

"Bank the mid sea."

Again, in the 26th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep."

Stevens.

Scaled means here dispersed, put to flight. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled*, (with the same sense) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described.

The passage quoted above from Drayton does not militate against this interpretation. There the added epithet *silver* shows that the word *scaled* is used in its common sense; as the context here (to say nothing of the evidence arising from the reading of the oldest copy) ascertains it to have been employed with the less usual signification already stated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said, in the same manner, to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *History of Fish*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the species of whale alluded to by Shakespeare) is so large, that, according to Goldsmith, he could with ease swallow an ox. *Malone.*

Sculls and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. *Ritson.*

⁷ — *the strawy Greeks,*] In the folio it is—the *straying* Greeks.
Johnson.

Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:⁸
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to
 him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.⁹

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller,¹ show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ — the mower's swath;] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. *Steevens.*

⁹ — we draw together] This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "Tis the swaggering coach-horse Anides, that *draws with him* there." *Steevens.*

¹ — boy-queller,] i. e. murderer of a boy. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II: "— a man-queller and a woman-queller." See Vol. VII, p. 76, n. 4. *Steevens.*

SCENE VI.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!*Enter DIOMED.**Dio.* Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?*Ajax.*

What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.**Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?*Ajax.* I 'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.²*Tro.* Come both, you cogging Greeks;³ have at you both.*[Exeunt, fighting.]**Enter HECTOR.**Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

² — *I will not look upon.*] That is, (as we should now speak) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in *King Henry VI*, Part III:

“Why stand we here—

“Wailing our losses,—

“And *look upon*, as if the tragedy

“Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?”

These lines were written by Shakspeare. *Malone.*

³ — *you cogging Greeks;*] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*.

Johnson.

Surely the epithet had propriety, in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called, in the North, a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: “*Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*”

Again; “*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*”*Stevens.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee : Ha !—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use :

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well :—

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter TROIILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !

I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly mark :—

No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;

I'll frush it,⁴ and unlock the rivets all,

⁴ *I'll frush it,*] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*.

Johnson.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that “ Hanmer's explanation appears to be right ; and the word *frush*, in this sense, to be derived from the verb *froisser*, to bruise, or break to pieces ”

To *frush* a chicken, &c. is a term in carving, as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's book on that subject, 1508 ; and was succeeded by another phrase, which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz.—to “ *break up* a capon ; ” words that occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Holinshed (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs the verb—to *frush*, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29 : “ When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or too farre withered with age.”

The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606 : “ High cedars are *frushed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind.”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618 :

“ And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance ” *Steevens.*

The meaning of the word is ascertained by the following passage in *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which Shakspeare certainly had before him when he wrote this play : “ Saying these

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.⁵
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting*; *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it:
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PAR. *and* MENE.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.⁶

wordes, Hercules caught by the head poor Lychas,—and threw him against a rocke so fiercely that hee to-frushed and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him." *Malone.*

⁵ — execute your arms.] To execute their arms is to employ them; to put them to use. A similar expression occurs in *Othello*, where Iago says:

"Witness that here Iago doth give up

"The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

"To wrong'd Othello's service."

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosaline says to Biron:

"Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

"Which you on all estates will execute." *M. Mason.*

⁶ A bastard son of Priam's.] Bastard, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. So, in *King Henry VI*, Part I:

"Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us."

See note on this passage, Vol. X, p. 19, n. 2. *Stevens.*

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield behind him.

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail⁷ and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.⁸

⁷ *Even with the vail* —] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. Johnson.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, "vail your regard upon," signifies, —Let your notice descend upon &c. Stevens.

⁸ *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hamner mentions:

"Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
"Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
"The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate,

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; ⁹ this is the man I seek.

[*HECT. falls.*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain. [*A Retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,¹ the armies separates.

who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth book:

“ Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,

“ And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,

“ On Achylles to set suche great a pryse

“ In thy bokes for his chivalrye,

“ Above echone that dost hym magnifye,

“ That was so sleightly and so full of fraude,

“ Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?”

Steevens.

⁹ *Strike, fellows, strike;*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. *Hanmer.*

¹ *And, stickler-like;*] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. “Anthony (says Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch,) was himself in person a *stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough.” They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. So, again, in a comedy, called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: “—’tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*.” Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:

“ And was the *stickler* ’twixt my heart and him.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

“ As *sticklers* in their nation’s enmity.” *Steevens.*

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his *Dictionary*, 1617: “A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *stick* or staffe betweene two fighting or fencing together.” *Malone*

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, *sidesmen*. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest con-

My half-supp'd sword,² that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.³

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

section with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter. *Ritson.*

² *My half-supp'd sword, &c.*] These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which "the blockish Ajax" is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition. *Steevens.*

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech, as it came out of Shakspeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen, and the thief's brass left in its place. *Ritson.*

Perhaps this play was hastily altered by Shakspeare from an elder piece, which the reader will find mentioned in p. 5, n. 1. Some of the scenes in it therefore he might have fertilized, and left others as barren as he found them. *Steevens.*

³ *Along the field I will the Trojan trail.*] Such almost (changing the name of Troilus for that of *Hector*) is the argument of Lydgate's 31st chapter, edit. 1555: "How Achilles slewe the worthy Troylus unknyghtly, and after trayled his body through the fyclde tyed to his horse." *Steevens.*

SCENE XI.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.⁴

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!⁵
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

⁴ *Never go home; &c.]* This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. *Johnson.*

⁵ *— smile at Troy!]* Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read, with a former editor:

———— smite at Troy!

I say, at once! Steevens.

There can be no doubt but we should read—*smite* at, instead of *smile*.—The following words, "I say, at once," make that unquestionable. To call upon the heavens to *frown*, and on the Gods to *smile*, at the self-same moment, would be too absurd even for that violent agitation of mind with which Troilus is supposed to be actuated. *M. Mason.*

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." *Ps.* ii, 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." *Ps.* xxxvii, 13 In the passage before us, (he adds) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the Gods themselves *smile at Troy*; they hold Troy in derision, for its day is coming." *Malone.*

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,⁶
 Cold⁷ statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight⁸ upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.⁹

[*Exeunt ÆNE. and Trojans.*]

⁶ *Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,*] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read—*welland*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press. So, in Spenser:

“His glitter~~and~~ armour shined far away.”

Where the common editions have—*glitter and*. *Whalley.*

There is surely no need of emendation. *Steevens.*

⁷ *Cold* —] The old copy—*Coole*. *Steevens.*

⁸ — *pight* —] i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to *pitch*. So, Spenser:

“Then brought she me into this desert vast,

“And by my wretched lover's side me *pight*.” *Steevens.*

⁹ ——— *with comfort go*:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.] This couplet affords a full and natural close to the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama, mentioned in p. 5, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey!¹ ignomy and shame²
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit Tro.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved,³ and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.⁴

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester⁵ would hiss;

As evident an interpolation is pointed out at the end of *Twelfth Night*. See Vol. III, p. 306. *Steevens*.

¹ Hence, broker lackey!'] Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which, in the third, was changed to *brothel*.

Broker, in our author's time, signified a bawd of either sex. So, in *King John*:

"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c.
See Vol. VII, p. 332, n. 8. *Malone*.

² — ignomy and shame —] *Ignomy* was used, in our author's time for *ignominy*. *Malone*.

³ — loved,] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. *Johnson*.

⁴ — set this in your painted cloths.] i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung. See Vol. VIII, p. 330, n. 5.

⁵ Some galled goose of Winchester —] The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.

Pope,

Till then I 'll sweat,⁶ and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*⁷

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

"Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

"I 'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:—"the famous school of England call'd *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called *An Execration on Vulcan*:

"—— this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

"That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* goose,

"Bred on the Bank in time of popery,

"When Venus there maintain'd her mystery."

In an ancient satire, called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

"There came such a wynd fro *Winchester*,

"That blewe these women over the ryver;

"In wherye, as I wyll you tell:

"Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,

"And many in *Holborne* were founde,

"Some at sainte *Gyles* I trowe:

"Also in *Ave Maria* Aly, and at *Westmenster*;

"And some in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,

"With grete lamentacyon;

"And by cause they have lost that fayre place,

"They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile—"As common as *Coleman Helge*:" now *Coleman Street*. *Steevens*.

As the public stews were under the controul of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a galled *Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me, from the passage cited by *Steevens*, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose*. *M. Mason*.

Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* 1669, renders a *Winchester goose* by *pu-dendagra*. *Malone*.

There are more hard bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: *Tortive*,—*persistive*,—*protractive*,—*importless*,—*insisture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next Act: *Past-proportion*,—*unrespective*,—*pro-*

pugnation, — self-assumption, — self-admission, — assubjugate, — kingdom'd, &c. Tyrwhitt.

6 — *I'll sweat,*] i. e. adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pistol calls "the malady of France." Thus, says the *Bawd*, in *Measure for Measure*:—"what with the sweat, &c. I am custom-shrunk." See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. iii. *Steevens.*

7 This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressid and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. *Johnson.*

The first seven Books of Chapman's Homer were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Essex, Earl Marshall, &c.* The whole twenty-four Books of the *Iliad* appeared in 1611. An anonymous interlude, called *Thersytes his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 35, makes mention of "*Thersites the glorious Noddie*" &c. *Steevens.*

The interlude of *Thersites* was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece—"Thersites his *Humours and Conceits*;" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. *Malone.*

P. 167. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles these together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2, II, Quæst. CLIV, is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio Adulterium, Incessus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, decanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title *De Luxuria*. Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

"To't *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chess*:

"— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

"(More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*,)

"Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see

"Of *Lucrece's* dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*?—This root, which was, in our author's time, but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780:

"This plant, which is called of some *Skyrrits* of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine: and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust*, and that with great greediness."

Drayton, in the 20th Song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

"The *skirret*, which, some say, in sallets stirs the blood."

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits and snow eringoes; let a tempest of provocation come."

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other good unctuous meats. So, T. Heywood, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

"Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes

"And a *potatoe pie*: besides all these,

"What thinkest rare and costly."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633: "— truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved dates, or marmalade of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stew'd, dove's brains, or swan's pizzles, are very provocative; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled skerrets, are your only lofty dishes."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me," &c.

Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,

"Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;

"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "— a banquet of oyster-pies, skerret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"Potatoes eke, if you shall lack

"To corroborate the back."

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: "— by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;

"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

"Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,

"*Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies," &c.

Again, in *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"Give your play-gull a stool, and your lady her fool,

"And her usher *potatoes* and marrow."

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Menachmi* of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menæchmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, "Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher*, 1592: "I pray you, how many badde profittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have varie feue tenants, the hospitall woulde wante patientes, and the surgeons much woorke: the apothecaries woulde have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "— 'tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,

"And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!"

Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by the same authors:

"Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato*?

"'Twill advance your wither'd state,

"Fill your honour full of noble itches," &c.

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie*? 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent."

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same authors:

"—— Oh, for some eringoes,

"*Potatoes*, or cantharides!"

Again:

"See provoking dishes, candied eringoes

"And *potatoes*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

"—— he hath got a pye

"Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*:

"—— 'tis the quintessence

"Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,

"Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,

"Coral and amberggris," &c.

Again, in *The Guardian*, by the same author:

"—— Potargo,
 "Potatoes, marrow, caviare —."

Again, in *The City Madam*, by the same:

"—— prescribes my diet, and foretells
 "My dreams when I eat potatoes."

Taylor, the Water-poet, likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery," &c.

Again, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

"—— camphire and lettice chaste,
 "Are now cashier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate,
 "Candi'd potatoes are Athenians' meate."

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167:

"Of the potatoe and such venerous roots, &c. I speake not."

Lastly, in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596:

"Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of potatoes, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations."

In *The good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a tarte that is a courage to a man or woman: "Take two quinces, and two or three burre rootes, and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots, and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender, and put in an ounce of dates, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four cocke-sparrowes, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon and ginger, and cloves, and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge."

Gerard elsewhere observes, in his *Herbal*, that "potatoes may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweetmeats."

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that the stalk of clot-burre, "being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and stirreth up venereal motions. It likewise strengtheneth the back," &c.

Speaking of dates, he says, that "thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure lust of the body very mightily." He also mentions quinces as having the same virtues.

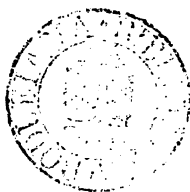
We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacy of quinces and dates is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that potatoes were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was, how-

ever, forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia potatoes,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarrum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret* of Peru. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a native of Mexico.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. *Collins*.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's *History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novellist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Containing in it a rare example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels and Practices of an old Fryar, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find February 18, 1582: "*M. Tottel] Romeo and Julietta.*" Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "*Edward White] a new ballad of Romeo and Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed, from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. *Steevens.*

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*, 1579." *Farmer.*

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in some respects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the public.—This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone. *Steevens.*

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata.* Of the author some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucoa, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II, Nov. ix,] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the present play, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Plesure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now stated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I should enter more largely into the subject, but that the various passages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furnish such a decisive proof of the play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehension, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is not, whether Shakspeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis* on which this play was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakspeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I

ROMEO AND JULIET.

have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hystory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I suspect was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. *Malone.*

It is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatic pieces. *Stevens.*

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.¹

¹ This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Hon. the Lord of Hunadon his servants*.

In the first of King James I, was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. *Steevens*.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599, is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first Act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus:

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,
From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost lovers tooke their life;
Whose misadventures, piteous overthrows,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,
And death-markt passage of their parent's rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee 'll studie to amend. *Malone*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, *prince of Verona.*
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*
Montague, } *heads of two houses, at variance with each*
Capulet, } *other.*
An old man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *son to Montague.*
Mercutio, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*
Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*
Tybalt, *nephew to lady Capulet.*
Friar Lawrence, *a franciscan.*
Friar John, *of the same order.*
Balthasar, *servant to Romeo.*
Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, } *servants to Capulet.*
Abram, *servant to Montague.*
An apothecary.
Three musicians.
Chorus. *Boys; page to Paris; Peter; an officer.*

Lady Montague, wife to Montague.
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several men and women, relations to both houses; maskers, guards, watchmen, and attendants.

SCENE,

During the greater part of the play, in Verona: once in the fifth act, at Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.²
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

² — we 'll not carry coals.] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following. So, Skelton:

“ — You, I say, Julian,
“ Wyll you beare no coles?”

Again, Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says: “We will bear no coles, I warrant you.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: “He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*” Again, in *Law Tricks*, or *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: “I 'll carry coals an you will, no horns.” Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: “You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals.*” And again, in the same play: “Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit,” &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: “Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog.” And, lastly, in the poet's own *King Henry V*: “At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals.*” Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: “Great slayes fear better than love, born naturally for a *coal-basket.*” *Steevens*

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, “Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Churchyard,” &c. published after the death of King Charles I, N^o. 22, p. 50, is inserted, “*Fire, fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not *carry coals.*” By Dr. Gouge. *Percy.*

Notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored. “If

Sam. I mean, and we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids;³ I will cut off their heads.

thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," &c. *Proverbs* xxv, 22;—or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xx, 20. *Henley.*

The English version of the Bible (exclusive of its nobler use) has proved of infinite service to literary antiquaries; but on the present occasion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. "Hang him, foul *Collier*!" says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the Devil, in the fourth Act of *Twelfth Night*. Any person, therefore, who would bear to be called a *collier*, was said to *carry coals*.

It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout. So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

"He made him laugh, that lookt as he would swear;

"He carried coales, that could abide no gest." *Stevens.*

The phrase should seem to mean originally, "We 'll not submit to servile offices; and thence secondarily, we 'll not endure injuries. It has been suggested, that it may mean, "we 'll not bear resentment burning like a coal of fire in our bosoms, without breaking out into some outrage; with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in the bosom. But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation. *Malone.*

³ — cruel with the maids;] The first folio reads—cruel with the maids. *Johnson.*

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.⁴ Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.⁵

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.⁶

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciuill*. It was manifestly an error of the press. The first copy furnishes no help, the passage there standing thus: "He play the tyrant; He first begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. *Malone.*

4 — *poor John.*] is hake, (a species of fish) dried and salted. *Malone.*

5 — *here comes two of the house of the Montagues.*] The word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the Right Honourable Viscount Mountacute, 1575:

"And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat

"Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that

"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,

"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was." *Malone.*

6 — *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them,*

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO,⁷ at a Distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.⁸

if they bear it] So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, Act III, sc. iii, p. 45:

"*Orgylus* To bite his thumb at me.

"*Argus*. Why should not a man bite his thumb?

"*Orgylus*. At me? were I scorn'd to see men bite their thumbs;

"*Rapiers and daggers,*" &c. *Grey*.

Dr Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie* &c. 1596, has this passage: "Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico* with his thornbe in his mouth" In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 142, I meet with these words: "It is said of the Italians, if they once bite their fingers' ends in a threatening manner, God knows, if they set upon their enemies face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn*:

"*Huff* How, spill it?

Spill it at me?

"*Tip* I reck not, but I spill it." *Steevens*.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels?" *THE DEAD TERM*, 1608. *Malone*.

⁷ *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. *Pope*.

⁸ — *here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets*, and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. *Farmer*.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.⁹ [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills,¹ and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword,² ho!

Perhaps there is no mistake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the opposite side. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple for News*: “I do confess a *swashing blow*.” In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* says:

“I will flaunt it and brave it after the lusty *swash*.”

Again, in *As you Like it*:

“I’ll have a martial and a *swashing* outside.”

See Vol. V, p. 32, n. 8.

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “—in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*.” Barrett, in his *Alcearic*, 1580, says, that “to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats.” *Steevens.*

¹ Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See Vol. V, p. 128, n. 4, and Vol. X, p. 29, n. 6. *Malone.*

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons³ to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

² *Give me my long sword,]* The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. *Johnson.*
See Vol. III, p. 60, n. 6. *Malone.*

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

“Take their confessions, and my *long sword*;

“I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

Chapman, without authority from Homer, has equipped Neptune with this weapon:

“King Neptune, with his *long sword*, —” *Iliad* XV.

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: “Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.”

The *little sword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dress sword. *Steevens.*

The little sword was probably nothing more than a dagger.

Malone.

³ — mis-temper'd weapons —] are angry weapons. So, in *King John*:

“This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour,” &c. *Steevens.*

For this time, all the rest depart away :
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.⁴
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants ; CAP. Lady CAP.
 TYB. Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him to-day ?
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early walking did I see your son :
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood :
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they are most alone,⁵—
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,

⁴ *To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.] This name the poet found in the Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. Malone.*

⁵ *That most are busied &c.] edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other editions thus :*

“ ————— by my own,

“ Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

“ Being one too many by my weary self,

“ Pursu'd my humour,” &c. *Pope.*

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.⁶

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?⁷

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.⁸

⁶ *And gladly shunn'd &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. *Pope.*

⁷ *Ben. Have you importun'd &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. *Pope.*

⁸ *Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*] [Old copy—*same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. *Theobald.*

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile, more closely with the foregoing speech: these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world *Johnson.*

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. An expression somewhat similar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV, sc. ii:

"A dedicated beggar to the air."

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Mason observes "that there is not a single passage in our author

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Moa. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MON. and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

where so great an improvement of language is obtained, by so slight a deviation from the text." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*:

"— She never told her love,

"But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

"Feed on her damask cheek."

In the last Act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosamond* of Daniel; and in the present passage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time:

"And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising sunne,

"The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,

"Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done."

Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. *Malone.*

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!⁹
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love!¹ O loving hate!

⁹ — to his will!] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his *ill*. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should find *paths to ill* is no great wonder.

Johnson.

It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. *Nichols.*

What Romeo seems to lament is, that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto, 1597, reads—

Should, without laws, give path-ways to our will!

i. e. being lawless itself, prescribe laws to others. *Steevens.*

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears so gentle, should be a tyrant.—It is no less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he *wills*, or desires to wound. *Malone.*

¹ *Why then, O brawling love!* &c.] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis. *Johnson.*

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet.

Anonymus.

Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

“Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,

“A living death, an ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner!

“A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with ise!

“A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with vice!” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

O any thing, of nothing first create !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !—
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.²—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;³
 Being vex'd,⁴ a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :

* *Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra ;*

"E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio ;

"E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra ;

"E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio." &c. *Sonnet 105.*

Sir Thomas Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Louer* amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. *Farmer.*

² *Why, such is love's transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. *Johnson.*

³ *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling* —. Being excited and inforced. To urge the fire is the technical term. *Johnson.*

Dr. Akenside in his *Hymn to Cheerfulness*, has the same expression :

"Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,

"And bid the joyless day retire." *Reed.*

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad* :

"And as a caldron, under put with store of fire—

"Bavins of sere wood urging it." &c. *Stevens.*

⁴ *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is lost. *Johnson.*

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhyme with them ; as also in the following, about Rosaline's chastity. *Stevens.*

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gill, and a preserving sweet.
Farewel, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness,⁵ who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair &
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,*
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,⁷
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.^{8*}

⁵ *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness.* *Johnson.*

⁶ *And, in strong proof &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. *Stevens.*

— *in strong proof*—] In chastity of proof, as we say in armour of proof. *Johnson.*

⁷ *She will not stay the siege of loving terms,*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart;

“To *love's* alarm it will not ope the gate.” *Malone.*

⁸ — *with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, “With

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;⁹
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.¹

her dies beauty's store;" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. *Johnson.*

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

"Nature now shall boast no more

"Of the riches of her store;

"Since, in this her chiefest prize,

"All the stock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

"_____ with her dies

"The abstract of all sweetness that 's in woman." *Steevens.*

Yet perhaps the present reading may be right, and Romeo means to say, in his quaint jargon, That she is poor, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die. *M. Mason.*

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the prss; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." *Malone.*

* The poet was, perhaps, indebted to this passage for the following epitaph:

Underneath this stone doth lie

As much virtue as could die,

Which when alive did feeling give

To as much beauty as could live. *Am. Ed.*

⁹ *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;*] So, in our author's first Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding." *Malone.*

¹ *For beauty, starv'd with her severity,*
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to stop posterity?"

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,²
 To merit bliss by making me despair:
 She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
 Do I live dead,^{3*} that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more:⁴
 These happy masks,⁵ that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

"Seeming to bury that posterity,

"Which by the rights of time thou need'st must have?"

Malone.

2 — *wisely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss. *Malone.*

None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. *Pope.*

3 *Do I live dead,*] So, Richard the Third:

"— now they kill me with a *living death*."

See Vol. XI, p. 25, n. 1. *Malone.*

* So also, Vol. X, p. 201:

"— with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;

"For seeing him, I see my *life in death*." *Am. Ed.*

4 *To call hers, exquisite, in question more:*] That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. *Heath.*

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. *Malone.*

5 *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, sc. ult:

"We stand here for an Epilogue.

"Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;

"For women's favours are a leading alms:

"If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

"Out at your masks."

Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. *Stevens.*

These happy masks, I believe, means no more than *the happy masks*. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. *Malone.*

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve,⁶ but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget.⁷

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound⁸ as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,⁹
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.¹⁰

⁶ *What doth her beauty serve,*] i. e. what end does it answer?
In modern language we say—"serve for." *Steevens.*

⁷ — *thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

"'Tis sure the hardest science, to forget."

Pope's Eloiza. Steevens.

⁸ *And Montague is bound—*] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But Montague.*—In that of 1609, and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. *Malone.*

⁹ *Let two more summers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"———— Three winter's cold

"Have from the forests shook their summer's pride, —"

Malone.

¹⁰ *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*And too soon marr'd are those so early married.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:²
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;³
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:⁴

"The maid that soon married is, soon marred is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So, Sidney:

"Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made*!"

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

Steevens.

Making and marring is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3, Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. *Malene.*

² *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This line is not in the first edition. *Pope.*

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress.

King Richard II calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again:

"So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*." *Steevens.*

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a passage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says:

"This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel

"A stark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. *M. Mason.*

Again, in this play:

"Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

"Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet:

"Poor soul, the center of my sinful *earth*, —." *Malone.*

³ *My will to her consent is but a part;*] *To*, in this instance, signifies in comparison with, in proportion to. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"These are but switches to them." *Steevens.*

⁴ *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:*] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel^s
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Earth-treading stars that make dark even light:

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again, in this play:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." *Warburton.*

But why nonsense? is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

"And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day"

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. *Johnson.*

I will not say that this passage, as it stands, is absolute nonsense; but I think it very absurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read:

Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.

That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. *M. Mason.*

The old reading is sufficiently supported by a parallel passage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593:

"My beautie blasd like torch or twinkling starre,

"A lively lamp that lends darke world some light."

Mr. M. Mason's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

"Did light those beamy stars which greater light did dark." *Steevens.*

^s — *do lusty young men feel* —] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do lusty yeomen feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. *Johnson.*

Young men are certainly *yeomen*. So, in *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde:

"Robyn commaunded his wight *yong men*.

"Of lii. wyght *yonge men*.

"Seuen score of wyght *yonge men*,

"Buske you my mery *yonge men*."

In all these instances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—*yeomen*.

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland:

Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house;⁶ hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :

"There met he these wight *yonge men*."

"Now go we hence sayed these wight *yong men*."

"Here is a set of these wyght *yong men*."

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that these passages have accidentally escaped alteration, as we generally meet with "*wyght yemen*." See also Spelman's Glossary; voce JUNIORS. It is no less singular that in a subsequent act of this very play the old copies should, in two places, read "*young trees*" and "*young tree*," instead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. Ritson.

The following passages from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, and Virgil's third *Georgick*, will support the present reading, and show the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say :

"——— *ubi subdita flamma medullis*,

"*Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus)*."

"That it was May, thus dremid me,

"In time of love and jolite,

"That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—

"Then *yong folke* entendin aye,

"For to ben gaie and amorous,

"The time is then so savorous."

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51," &c.

Again, in *The Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS. Penes Dr. Farmer.

"Hit bifelle by twyxtre marche and maye,

"Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke;

"Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,

"And every wight desirith his like;

"Whan lovers slepen with opyn yee,

"As nightingalis on grene tre,

"And sore desire that thai cowde flye

"That thay myghte with there love be" &c. p. 2. Steevens.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

"From you have I been absent in the spring

"When *proud-pied April* dress'd in all his trim,

"Hath put a spirit of youth in ev'ry thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

"Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,

"Then in the *April* of her *springing age* —." Malone.

⁶ Inherit at my house;] To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare's age, is to possess. See Vol. VII, p. 12, n. 7. Malone.

Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.⁷

⁷ Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.] The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is there, *Which one more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine, being one,

May stand in number. &c. Johnson.

Such, amongst view of many, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

Which one [on] more view of many, &c. Malone.

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. Choose out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

“ ——— Hear all, all see,

“ And like her most, whose merit most shall be.”

My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. estimation) among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene:

“ Of honourable reckoning are you both.” *Steevens.*

This interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — our compell'd sins

“ Stand more for number, than account.”

i. e. estimation. There is here an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that *one* is no number. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II:

“ — to fall to one,

“ — is to fall to none,

“ For one no number is.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet:

“ Among a number one is reckon'd none,

“ Then in the number let me pass untold.”

The following lines in the poem, on which the tragedy is founded, may add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

“ To his approved friend a solemn oath he plight,—

“ — every where he would resort where ladies wont to meet;

“ Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

“ For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.—

* * * *

Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there,⁸ [*gives a paper*] and
to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAP. and PAR.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?⁹
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to
find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can
never find what names the writing person hath here
writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.¹

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown
“But Capulet himself had bid unto his feast, &c.
“Young damsels thither flock, of bachelor's a rout;
“Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to search
out.” *Malone.*

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think
it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment.—“To search
amongst view of many,” is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads—

Which one *more view of many*—

And this leads us to the right reading, which I should suppose
to have been this:

Whilst on *more view of many, mine being one*, &c.

With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from
the folio very trifling. *M. Mason.*

⁸ — find those persons out,

Whose names are written there,] Shakspeare has here closely
followed the poem already mentioned:

“No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

Malone.

⁹ Find them out, whose names are writtten here?] The quarto 1597,
adds: “And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the
learned to learn of them: that 's as much as to say, the tailor,”
&c. *Steevens.*

¹ — with another's languish:] This substantive is again found

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.²

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented; and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*gives back the note*] Whither should they come?

found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595:

"Alas, it skills not,

"For thus I will not,

"Now contented,

"Now tormented,

"Live in love and languish." *Malone.*

² *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. *Dr. Grey.*

The same thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

"Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:

"Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I've broke my shin."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: "'Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain."

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. *Steevens.*

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.³

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.⁴ Rest you merry. [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales,⁵ let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid⁶

³ *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the Servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

⁴ — *crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Fill the pot, hostess &c. and we'll crush it."

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

"—we'll crush a cup of thine own country wine."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cocker says:

"Come, George, we'll crush a pot before we part."

We still say, in cant language—to crack a bottle. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *in those crystal scales,*] The old copies have—that crystal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for the entire machine. *Malone.*

⁶ — *let there be weigh'd*

Your lady's love against some other maid —] Your lady's love

That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I 'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year
old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where 's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen⁷ be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. *Heath.*

⁷ — to my teen —] To my sorrow. *Johnson.*

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. ix:

“ — for dread and doleful teen.”

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. *Steevens.*

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
 She was too good for me: But, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
 That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;⁸
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:⁹—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years:
 For then she could stand alone;¹ nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!

⁸ 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the Nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England, in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Gabriel Harvey's Letter in the Preface of Spenser's Works, edit. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, a *fort-night and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. Tyrwhitt.

⁹ Nay, I do bear a brain:] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51: "When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military seedes; you beare a *braine* and memory." Reed.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Dash, we must bear some brain." Steevens.

¹ ——— could stand alone;] The quarto, 1597, reads: "could stand high lone," i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So, in another of our author's plays, *high fantastical* means *entirely* fantastical.

Steevens.

'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth he:
 And, pretty fool, it stinted,² and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,³
 To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
 A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour⁴ that I dream not of.

² — *it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forebore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you Will*, by Marston, 1607:

"Pish! for shame, *stint* thy idle chat." *Stevens.*

³ *Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. *Pope.*

⁴ *It is an honour* —] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. *Stevens.*

Honour was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. *Malone.*

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I 'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well,⁵ think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he 's a man of wax.⁶

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower. *

*Nurse.*⁷ Nay, he 's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you?⁸ can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume⁹ of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,¹

⁵ *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

“Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.” *Steevens.*

⁶ — *a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“Why, he 's a man as one should picture him in wax.”

Steevens.

— *a man of wax.*] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. “When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus,” (says Horace) [*Waxen, well shaped, fine turned:*]

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be suppress.”

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that the praise was given to the shape, not to the colour. *S. W.*

⁷ *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

“Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?”

She answers, “I 'll look to like,” &c. and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. *Steevens.*

⁸ *La. Cap. What say you? &c.*] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. *Pope.*

⁹ *Read o'er the volume &c.*] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“Her face the book of praises, where is read

“Nothing but curious pleasures.” *Steevens.*

And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.²
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :³
The fish lives in the sea ;⁴ and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;⁵

¹ *Examine every married lineament, &c.]* Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*several* lineament. By the former of these phrases Shakspeare means—Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of “the married calm of states ;” and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion.

Steevens.

² — *the margin of his eyes.]* The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So, *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says : “— I knew you must be edified by the *margin*,” &c. *Steevens.*

³ *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,*

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a book, and the *binding* in marriage ; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. *M. Mason.*

⁴ *The fish lives in the sea ; &c.]* i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage ; and it may receive some support from what *Enobarbus* says in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “The tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.” *Steevens.*

The purport of the remainder of this speech, is to show the advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that instead of “the fish lives in the sea,” we should read, “the fish lives in the shell.” For the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a *shell* may.—I believe, that by the *golden story*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. *M. Mason.*

⁵ *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;]* The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. *Johnson.*

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding*. *Steevens.*

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move:⁶

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,⁷

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam,⁸ the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO,⁹ BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

⁶ *I'll look to like, if looking liking move.*] Such another jingle of words occur in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "— and seeing to like, and liking to love, and loving straight" &c.

Steevens.

⁷ — endart mine eye,] The quarto, 1597, reads—"engage mine eye." *Steevens.*

⁸ *Madam, &c.*] To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *Mercutio,*] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: "— another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behaviour was in al companies wel entertained." Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II, p. 221. *Steevens.*

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

"At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,

"And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio;

"A courtier that each where was highly had in price,

"For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:¹
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,²

"Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
"Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
"With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;
"A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band
"That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
"As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did
them hold."

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and "a jester at wounds which *he never felt*." See *Othello*, Act III: sc. iv:

"— This *hand* is moist, my lady;—
"This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
"Hot, hot, and moist." *Malone*.

¹ *The date is out of such prolixity:*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. *Warburton*.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque*, but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII, where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment:

"What come they in so blunt, *without device*?"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. *Steevens*.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th Act of *The Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. *Percy*.

² *Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,*] The *Tartarian* bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatick nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. *Douce*.

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;³
Nor no without-book prologue,⁴ faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:⁵

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,⁶ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,⁷—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover;⁸ borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:⁹

³ — like a crow-keeper;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV, sc. vi. *Johnson*.

⁴ *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. *Pope*.

⁵ — for our entrance:] *Entrance* is here used as a trisyllable; *entrance*. *Malone*.

⁶ *We'll measure them a measure,*] i. e. a dance. See Vol. IV, p. 117, n. 8. *Malone*.

⁷ *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks.

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw.

To hold a torch, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment also, given by Louis XIV, in 1664, no less than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. *Steevens*.

King Henry VIII, when he went masked to Wolsey's palace, (now Whitehall) had sixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XI, p. 234. *Malone*.

⁸ *Mer. You are a lover, &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. *Pope*.

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;¹
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?²
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,³
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;⁴

¹ — so bound,

I cannot bound &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occasion,
keep Shakspeare in countenance:

" ——— in contempt

" At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound

" Of hill," &c. *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, l. 180. *Steevens.*

¹ — should you burden love;] i. e. by sinking in it, you should,
or would, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of
interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late
editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended
to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have
seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the con-
cluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 248. *Malone.*

² — doth quote deformities?] To quote is to observe. So, in
Hamlet:

" I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment

" I had not quoted him."

See note on this passage, and Vol. II, p. 172, n. 6. *Steevens.*

³ — let wantons, light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed
this thought in his play of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

" — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

" Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

" I have too much lead at mine." *Steevens.*

⁴ Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] It has been al-
ready observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms
with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See Vol. VIII, p. 265, n. 6.
So Hentzer, in his *Itinerary*, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's pre-
sence-chamber at Greenwich, says: "The floor, after the English
fashion, was strewed with *hay*," meaning *rushes*. So, in *The Dumb
Knight*, 1633:

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,⁵—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.⁶

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:⁷

“Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,

“Even as upon these *rushes* which thou treadest.”

The stage was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: “—on the very *rushes* when the commedy is to daunce.” *Steevens*.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

“She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“Striv'd with redoubled strength.—” *Malone*.

⁵ — a *grandsire phrase*, &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this:—“A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester.” *Steevens*.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that “Our sport is at the best,” or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, “I am done.”

Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be “the constable's own word;” who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Grissel*, 1603: “What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouse*, *LIZ STILL*. What Babulo! says Grissel. Anone, say I, and then this eye looks up; yet *donne I snug againe*.” *Malone*.

⁶ *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. *Ritson*.

— and *I am done*.] This is equivalent to phrases in common use—*I am done for, it is over with me*. Done is often used in a kindred sense by our author. Thus, in *King Henry VI*, Part III:

“—my mourning weeds are done.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“—as soon decay'd and done,

“As is the morning's dew.” *Steevens*.

⁷ *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.*] This poor ob-

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire⁸
Of this (save reverence) love,⁹ wherein thou stick'st

scure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

"For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;—and—

"The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done."

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I 'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with—

I am *proverb'd with a grandsire phrase*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacifick character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial. Warburton.

⁸ *If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire* —] A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, (Drue) in his play, entitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, Act III:

"A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

"Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.

"Draw *dun* out of the ditch." Dr. Grey.

Draw dun (a common name, as Mr. Douce observes, for a cart-horse) *out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

"At shove-groate, venter point, or crosse and pile,

"At leaping o'er a Midsommer bone-fier,

"Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun*."

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similies.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

"Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers."

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.⁴

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. *Steevens*.

Dun out of the mire was the name of a tune, and to this sense Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. Taylor in *A Navy of Land Ships*, says, "Nimble-heeled mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pumpes and vanities of this sinfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of dusty my deare, dirty come thou to me. *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine: all these dances have no other musicke. *H. White*.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase, or showing why it should be *the constable's own word*.

M. Mason.

"The cat is grey," a cant phrase, somewhat similar to "Dun's the mouse," occurs in *King Lear*. But the present application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeless obscurity.

Steevens.

⁹ Of this (*save reverence*) *love*,] [The folio—*Or save your reverence &c.*] The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read —*O! for or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out:

O! save your reverence, love. *Johnson*.

This passage is not worth a contest; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be:—"We'll draw thee from the mire, (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou stick'st."

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

"Works himself clear, and as he runs refines." *Steevens*.

I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's *Glossograph*, 8vo. 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

"The beastliest man,—

"(*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-master."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "—ungartered, unbuttoned, nay, (*sir-reverence*) untrusted."

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed: "Why should his mistress not be fit too? The rather, *sav-ing reverence* of the word, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits."

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that,² ere once in our five wits.

In *The Comedy of Errors*, the word is written as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense: "—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*," —. And in *Much Ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me say (*save reverence*) a husband." The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, save you reverence, love —.

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a slight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, seems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads—*Or, save your reverence, &c.* *Malone.*

1 — we burn day-light, *ho*] To burn day-light is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See Vol. III, p. 51, n. 1.

Chapman has not very intelligibly employed this phrase in his translation of the twentieth *Iliad*:

"And all their strength —"

"——— no more shall burn in vain the day." *Steevens.*

² *Five times in that, &c.*] The quarto, 1597, reads: "Three times a day;" and *right wits*, instead of *fine wits*. *Steevens.*

—— for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakspeare is on all occasions so fond of antithesis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened so often in these plays, and the emendation is so strongly confirmed by comparing these lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the passage as it stood originally, that I have not hesitated to give the reading which I proposed some time ago, a place in the text.

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II, p. 341, n. 7, where we find in all the old copies—"of these *fine* the sense," instead of "—these *five*." Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. I, Vol. X, p. 22, n. 1: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," instead of—"five," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (see Vol. XIII,) the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* strains of honour," for "the *fine* strains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner; we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.—See also on the same point, Vol. III, p. 140, n. 5; Vol. VI, p. 318, n. 1; and in *Timon of Athens*, Vol. XV

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much Ado about Nothing*, (see Vol. IV,) in *King Lear*, and in one of his Son-

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then,³ I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;⁴ and she comes

nets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou hast more of the wild-
goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure I have in my whole *five*."
Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus :

"Three times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he, with-
out doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*,
and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems
to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis. *Malone*.

³ O, then, &c.] In the quarto, 1597, after the first line of Mer-
cutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the
printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the
same character. *Steevens*.

⁴ O, then, I see, *Queen Mab hath been with you*.

She is the fairies' midwife;] The *fairies' midwife* does not
mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person
among the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies
of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*.
When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are
to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his
subjects. *Steevens*.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by
"the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the
fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-
born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The
poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet
has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as
that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for
she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the
incubus or night mare: Shakspeare, by employing her here, al-
ludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but
denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personat-
ing the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into
some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or
cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.
The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving
her this nocturnal agency. *T. Warton*.

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,⁵
 Drawn with a team of little atomies⁶
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

⁵ *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—*of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV*, we may suppose the citizens, in Shakspeare's time, to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "— and an alderman, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his thumb-ring." Steevens.

⁶ — *of little atomies* —] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

In Drayton's *Nimphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen Mab's chariot:

"Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 "Their harnesses of gossamere,
 "Fly cranion, her charioteer,
 "Upon the coach-box getting:
 "Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 "Which for the colours did excell,
 "The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 "So lively was the limning:
 "The seat, the soft wool of the bee,
 "The cover (gallantly to see)
 "The wing of a py'd butterfly,
 "I trow, 'twas simple trimming:
 "The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,
 "And daintily made for the nonce,
 "For fear of rattling on the stones,
 "With thistle-down they shod it," Steevens.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written several years after this tragedy. See Vol. II, p. 266, n. 8. Malone.

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats' tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.⁷

⁷ — with sweet-meats —] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff, in the last Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Malone.

⁸ Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit: &c.] Mr. Pope reads —lawyer's nose. Steevens.

The old editions have it—*courtier's* nose; and this undoubtedly is the true reading; and for these reasons: First, In the new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line:

“O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:”

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been said before:

“On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:”

Because they are shown in two places under different views: in the first, their *foppery*; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. “The King (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the Life of Sir William Cecil) called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. to smell out] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reversion of the Custos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life.” Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers; for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. Warburton.

As almost every book of that age furnishes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has observed, I shall add but one other instance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebocke*, 1609: “If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*.” Malone.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading, *courtier's* nose, and has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition*

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,⁹

in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

"On *counties* knees, —."

which has lead me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *counties* knees, that dream on court'sies straight:—

Counties I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *county* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV, we find:

"Princes and *counties*."

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act III:

"A ring the *county* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh Papers, Vol. I, p. 204. See also p. 7: The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

Tyrwhitt.

In the *present* instance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition arose from the cause assigned by Mr. Steevens.

Malone.

At the first entry of the characters in the history of *Orlando Furioso*, played before Queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, Sacripant is called the *Countie* Sacripant.

Again, Orlando, speaking of himself:

"Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie* Palatine."

Countie is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

Shakspeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus.

"Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo;

"Utilis in cives est ibi lamna suos." *Johnson.*

The quarto, 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*, *Steevens.*

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been constantly printed instead of *uno*, which makes it nonsense; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. *Malone.*

Of healths five fathom deep;¹ and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And bakes the elf-locks² in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.³
 This, this is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,⁴
 Turning his face⁵ to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

¹ *Of healths five fathom deep;*] So, in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "— troth, sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has drunk so much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs." *Malone*.

² *And bakes the elf-locks &c.*] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. *Warburton*.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"And when I shook these *locks*, now *knotted* all,

"As *bak'd* in blood, —." *Malone*.

³ — *of good carriage.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* Act I:

"— let them be men of good repute and *carriage*."

"*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he carried the town-gates," &c. *Steevens*.

⁴ — *from thence,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—*in haste*. *Steevens*.

⁵ — *his face* —] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have *side*. *Malone*.

With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life,⁶ clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!⁷—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.⁸

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.⁹

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher!¹ he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-

6 — and expire the term

Of a despised life,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun." *Malone.*

7 *Direct my sail!]* I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. *Steevens.*

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto, 1599, from which it got into all the subsequent copies. *Malone.*

Direct my suit!] Guide the sequel of the adventure. *Johnson.*

8 *Strike, drum.]* Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* *Steevens.*

9 *Scene V.]* This scene is added since the first copy. *Steevens.*

1 — *he shift a trencher! &c.]* *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the Household Book of the Earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. *Percy.*

To shift a trencher was technical. So, in *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: "—learne more manners, stand at your brothers backe, as to *shift a trencher* neatly" &c. *Reed.*

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. II, p. 74, n. 4. *Malone.*

They continued common much longer in many publick societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. *Nichols.*

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers, xxi d." *Steevens.*

cupboard,² look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;³ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

² — *court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays. So, in *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "— shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*" Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman: "Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate." Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Place that in the *court-cupboard*."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "— they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

Stevens.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at publick festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large.

Nichols.

By "*remove the court-cupboard*," the speaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it. A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board*, but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be used to the time of Pope:

"The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,

"And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face."

The *side-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the present century. *Malone.*

A *court cupboard* was a moveable; a *beaufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside. *Stevens.*

³ — *save me a piece of marchpane*;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the University presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II, p. 29. *Grey.*

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes⁴ Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:— Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone: You are welcome, gentlemen!⁵—Come, musicians, play. A hall! a hall!⁶ give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,⁷

⁴ — *their toes* —] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, *their feet*. —An editor by such capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. *Malone.*

It was endured, at least, in the time of Milton. Thus, in *Comus*, 960:

“ ——— without duck or nod

“ Other trippings to be trod

“ Of lighter toes.” *Steevens.*

⁵ *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. *Johnson.*

⁶ *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“ Room! room! a hall! a hall!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ — Then cry, a hall! a hall!”

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Cry not, a hall, a hall; but chamber-rooms;

“ Dancing is lame,” &c.

and numberless other passages. *Steevens.*

⁷ — *turn the tables up,*] Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;⁸

For you and I are past our dancing days:⁹

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.*

By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. So, in the ancient translation of Marco Paolo's *Voyages*, 1579: "After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his businesse."

Again, in *The Seventh Mery Jest of the Widdow Edyth*, 1573:

"And when that *taken up* was the borde,

"And all payde for," &c. *Steevens*.

⁸ — *good cousin Capulet*;] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. *Johnson*.

Cousin was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the king his uncle and step-father addresses him with:

"But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my son."

And in this very play, Act III, lady Capulet says:

"Tybalt my *cousin*!—O my brother's child."

So, in *As you Like it*:

"*Ros.* Me uncle?

"*Duke.* You *cousin*!"

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*. *Ritson*.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers use the word *cousin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent.

Richard III, during a whole scene calls his nephew York, *cousin*; who in his answer constantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Duchess of York in the same play calls her grandson, *cousin*:

"Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

"*York. Grandam*, one night, as we did sit at supper," &c.

And in Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, Sylvio styles Rhodope, at one time, his *aunt*—at others, his *cousin*—to the great annoyance of Mr. Symphon, the editor. *M. Mason*.

See also Vol. XI, p. 64, n. 6. *Malone*.

⁹ — *our dancing days*:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads "our *standing* days." *Steevens*.

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?¹
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?²

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night³
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:⁴
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

¹ *Will you tell me &c.*] This speech stands thus in the first copy:

Will you tell me that? it cannot be so:

His son was but a ward three years ago;

Good youths, i' faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborne to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines, is natural, and worth preserving.

Steevens.

² *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*

Of yonder knight;?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—"A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a knight:

"With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth
to dance." *Malone.*

³ *Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night—] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet:*

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our second folio.

Steevens.

⁴ *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.] So, in Lyly's Euphuë:*

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." *H. White.*

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.⁵

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is 't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.

⁵ *For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*:

“————— O beauty,

“Till now I never knew thee!” *Steevens.*

You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:⁷—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I 'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce⁸ with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To JUL.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims,⁹ ready stand
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

⁶ — to scath you;] i. e. to do you an injury. *Steevens.*

⁷ — You are a princox; go:] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman, in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Your proud university *Princox*."—Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: "That *Princox* proud." And indeed by most of the old dramattick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune estourdeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. *Steevens.*

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoiled child, than a *coxcomb*. *Malone.*

⁸ *Patience perforce* —] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is—

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." *Steevens.*

⁹ *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] The old copies read *sin*.
Malone.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote:

— *the gentle fine is this.* *Warburton.*

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.¹

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*²

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.³

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

¹ *O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;*

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.] Juliet had said before that "palm to palm was holy palmers' kiss." She afterwards says that "palmers have lips that they must use in prayer." Romeo replies, *that the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do;* that is, that they might kiss: *M. Mason.*

² [*Kissing her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *King Henry VIII*, he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey.

Malone.

³ *You kiss by the book.*] In *As you Like it*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. *Henley.*

Of all men who have loosed themselves on Shakspeare, none is there who so inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critic aforesaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he sore vexed and disquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at somewhat touching *noninos*; and lo! now disserteth he on lip-gallantry! But (saith a wag at mine elbow) on the business of kissing, surely Calista's question might be addressed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that bookmen can teach us to do over?" I believe, no dissertation, or guide, to this interchange of fondness was ever penned, at least while Shakspeare was alive. All that Juliet means to say is—you kiss methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a treatise professedly written on the subject. When Hamlet observes on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we must speak by the card," can he be supposed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the present occasion; but could have said (with Mortimer, in *King Henry IV*),—

"I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;

"And that 's a feeling disputation." *Amner.*

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse.

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom.

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.⁴—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :—
More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*to 2 CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes late ;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JUL. and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman?⁵

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

⁴ *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:

“What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?”

Again, in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607: “here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all.” *Steevens.*

It appears, from the former part of this scene, that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant, in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: “*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*.” *Malone.*

It appears, from many circumstances, that our ancestors quit-
ted their eating-rooms as soon as they had dined, and in warm
weather retired to buildings constructed in their gardens. These
were called *banqueting-houses*, and here their dessert was served.

Steevens.

⁵ *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the fol-
lowing questions are taken from the novel. *Steevens.*

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*. *Malone.*

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS.*⁶

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair,⁷ which love groan'd for, and would die,⁸
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

⁶ — *CHORUS.*] This Chorus added since the first edition.

Pope.

The use of this Chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. *Johnson.*

⁷ *That fair,*] *Fair*, it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. V, p. 69, n. 9. *Malone.*

⁸ *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The instances produced in a subsequent note, by Mr. Malone, to justify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos, which he judiciously commends, but from the folio, which with equal judgment he has censured. These irregularities, therefore, standing on no surer ground than that of copies published by ignorant players, and printed by careless compositors, I utterly refuse to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakspeare, or of the age he lived in.

Fair, in the present instance, was used as a dissyllable.

Sometimes, our author, as here, uses the same word as a dissyllable and a monosyllable, in the very same line. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Act I, sc. ii:

“Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since.” *Steevens.*

—for which love groan'd for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd sore. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.]

ACT II.....SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
 [*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer.

He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer.

Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;⁹

So, in *Coriolanus*: “In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?” See *Coriolanus*, Vol. XIII, Act II, sc. i. Again, in *As you Like it*, Act II, sc. vii: “—the scene wherein we play in.” *Malone*.

⁹ Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*; the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the 2d, 3d, and fourth folios, *couple*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provaunt*, however, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid,¹ he that shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.²—

the Wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented," 1664, p. 14: "— carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repast." To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. "*Provant* but love and dove," may therefore mean, *furnish* but such hackneyed rhymes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers. *Steevens*.

— pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the first quarto, 1597. *Pronounce*, in the quartos of 1599 and 1609, was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted this innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt, therefore, that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line, *love* and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to—*love* and *day*; and *heir*, in the next line, corrupted into *her*. *Malone*.

Mr. Malone asks for instances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb*, &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furnish him with the instance he desires. I am content, however, to follow the second folio. *Steevens*.

¹ *Young Adam Cupid*,] All the old copies read—Abraham Cupid. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. See *Observations*, p. 243. It evidently alludes to the famous archer, Adam Bell. *Reed*.

² *When king Cophetua &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*:

"Here you may read, Cophetua,
 "Though long time fancie-fed,
 "Compelled by the blinded boy
 "The begger for to wed." *Steevens*.
 "Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 "When," &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. *Percy*.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer:

He heareth not, stirreth not,³ he moveth not;
The ape is dead,⁴ and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead,⁵ and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:⁶

"— He shoots his bolt but seldom: but when *Adam* lets go, he hits:"

"He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows stick here."

Trim was an epithet formerly in common use. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575:

"Made sallies forth, as *tryme* men might do."

Again, *ibid*:

"And showed themselves *trimme* souldiours as I ween."

Steevens.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, or, as it is called in some old copies, *The Song of a Beggar and a King*. The following stanza Shakspeare had particularly in view:

"The blinded boy that shoots so trim,

"From heaven down did hie,

"He drew a dart and shot at him,

"In place where he did lie." *Malone.*

³ — stirreth not,] Old copies, unmetrically,—he stirreth not.

Steevens.

⁴ *The ape is dead,*] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. *Malone.*

⁵ *By her high forehead,*] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. II, p. 116, n. 8; and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. XIII.

Malone.

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark:

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.⁷—
Romeo, good night;—I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

6 — the humorous night:] I suppose Shakspeare means humid, the moist dewy night. Chapman uses the word in that sense in his translation of Homer, B. II, edit. 1598:

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.”

Again, in the 21st Book:

“Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps
humorous,

“Fetch their beginnings; —.”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto i:

“The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.” *Steevens*.

⁷ *As maids &c.*] After this line, in the old copies, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text. *Steevens*.

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *et cætera*, instead of the word. See Minsheu's *Dictionary*, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

Poperingue is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the *Popering* tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653:

“She thought it strange to see a man

“In privy walk, and then anan

“She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,

“And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of *Poperin*, or *Poperling*, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the *Poperin* pear may have been introduced into England. *Malone*.

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars,⁸ that never felt a wound.—

[*JUL. appears above, at a Window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid,⁹ since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady;¹ O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

⁸ *He jests at scars,]* That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. *Johnson.*

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book —

“None can speake of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt.” *Steevens.*

He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's. *Ritson.*

⁹ *Be not her maid,]* Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

Johnson.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, —.” *Steevens.*

¹ *It is my lady;]* This line and half I have replaced. *Johnson.*

Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,²
 That I might touch that cheek!³

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night,⁴ being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,⁵
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.⁶

² *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

"O that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. *Steevens.*

³ — touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads: "*kiss that cheek.*" *Steevens.*

⁴ *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

As glorious to this night,] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the simile seems to require—

As glorious to this sight; —.

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. *Theobald.*

I have restored the old reading, for surely the change was unnecessary. The plain sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night,* &c. It should be observed, however, that the simile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not so well with the old reading. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *the lazy-pacing clouds,*] Thus corrected from the first edition, in the other *lazy-puffing.* *Pope.*

What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name?⁷ that which we call a rose,

⁶ *Thou art thyself* though, not a Montague.] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

Though is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III, sc. last, in the same sense:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"'Would Catharine had never seen him *though*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"I would not be so sick *though*, for his place." Malone.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson: a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets, and sometimes by our author himself. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"What *though* he love your Hermia? Lord! what *though*?"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though*?"

Ritson.

⁷ ——— nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What 's in a name? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

What 's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.

In the copy of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, O be some other name!

Belonging to a man.

What 's in a name, &c.

Belonging, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to

By any other name⁸ would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.⁹

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance,¹ yet I know the sound;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.²

support it: the context in this and many other places supersedes all arguments. *Malone.*

For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote—

'Longing to man &c

The same elision occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. VI, p. 109:

"Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

"As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case." *Steevens.*

⁸ *By any other name* —] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read—*By any other word.* *Malone.*

⁹ *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*

Steevens.

¹ *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

Of that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—*of thy tongue's uttering.* We meet with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III*, a tragedy, 1596:

"I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

"His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance." *Malone.*

² *Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.*] Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—*fair maid.* "If either thee dislike" was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. So, it likes me well; for it pleases me well *Malone.*

Dislike here means *displease.* *M. Mason.*

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.³

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;⁴
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:⁵
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.⁶

³ — no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hindrance. So, in *Hamlet*:
"By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no
stop to me. *Malone*.

⁴ — from their sight;] So the first quarto. All the other an-
cient copies have—from their eyes. *Malone*.

⁵ And, but thou love me, let them find me here:] And so thou do
but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found
here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that "*but thou love me,*" means, *unless*
thou love me; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subse-
quent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct
proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered,
if he be but secure of her affection; and then adds, that death
from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life with-
out her love. *But*, however, it must be acknowledged, has often
in old English the meaning which Mr. M. Mason would here affix
to it. *Malone*.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleo-
patra*:

"But being charg'd, we will be still by land." *Steevens*.

⁶ Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.] The common ac-
ceptionation of *prorogue*, is to *postpone* to a distant time, which is in
fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *con-
tinued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to re-
present life without her as a continual death:

"Death's life with thee, without thee death to live."

M. Mason.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou knows't, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!⁷
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.⁸
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

Than death prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So, in Act IV, sc. i:

"I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

"On Thursday next be married to this county." *Malone.*

7 — *farewel compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms.
M. Mason.

8 — *cunning to be strange.*] *Cunning* is the reading of the quarto, 1597, and I have restored it.

To be strange, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends?"

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol III, p. 327: "I pray ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me." *Steevens.*

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. *Malone.*

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,⁹ —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.¹ Sweet, good night!²
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?³

⁹ ——— moon ———

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,] This image struck Pope:

“The moon-beam trembling falls,

“And tips with silver all the walls.” *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated simile on the moon at the conclusion of the eighth Book of the *Iliad*:

“And tips with silver ev'ry mountain's head.” *H. White.*

¹ Ere one can say—It lightens.] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“—— lightning ceaselessly to burn,

“Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

“And being gone, doth suddenly return

“Ere you could say precisely what it was.”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Steevens.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604.

Malone.

² — Sweet, good night!] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night!* to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy.

Steevens.

³ What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?] Here Juliet seemeth as if she meant to promise (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in some future instance, that satisfaction which he

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, in-
deed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [*within*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*within*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit,⁴ and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, —

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

cannot receive while they remain at their present distance from each other. *Amner.*

⁴ *To cease thy suit,*] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—thy *strife*. *Malone.*

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!^s
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave⁶ where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

^s To lure this tassel-gentle back again!'] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, Gent printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

"—then, for an evening flight,

"A *tiercel-gentle*."

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression: "—By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. iv:

"Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,

"Which after her his nimble wings doth straine."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"Your *tassel-gentle*, she 's lur'd off and gone."

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. *Steevens*.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true Measures of Blowing*, is the following passage:

"The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

FOR A PRINCE.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and these are for a prince." *Malone*.

* *Tercel* is used by our author, as the generic appellation of the male Falcon. See *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 97, and notes 1, *, &c.
Am. Ed.

⁶ — tear the cave —] This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton:

"A shout that tore hell's concave —." *Steevens*.

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!⁷

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

⁷ *My sweet!*] Mr. Malone reads—*Madam*, and justifies his choice by the following note. *Steevens.*

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. *Malone.*

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurse*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow. *Steevens.*

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.⁸ [Exit.

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,⁹
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness¹ like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:²

⁸ Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good*. instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Hence will I to my ghostly frier's close cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. Malone.

⁹ *The grey-ey'd morn &c.*] These four lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but thoughts of his mistress. Pope.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the Friar. Johnson.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. Steevens.

¹ *And flecked darkness* —] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says:

"All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,

"They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*."

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the fourth *Æneid*:

"Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine."

The same image occurs also in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V, sc. iii:

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey." Steevens.

The word is still used in Scotland, where a "*flecked cow*" is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit* Malone.

² *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:*] So, in Iocasta's address to the sun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides:

"Ὁ τὴν ἐν ἀστροῖς ἑπάρῃ ΤΕΜΝΩΝ ΟΔΩΝ."

Mr. Malone reads—

From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels. Steevens.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—
burning wheels.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,³
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.⁴
 The earth that 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace,⁵ that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part⁶ cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio:

From forth day's path-way made by Titan's wheels. Malone.

Here again I have followed this reprobated second folio. It is easy to understand how darkness might reel "from *forth* day's path-way," &c. but what is meant by—*forth* "Titan's fiery wheels?" A man may stagger out of a path, but not out of a wheel.

Steevens.

³ *I must up-fill this osier cage of ours, &c.]* So, in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
 "In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
 "Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
 "And in a little *maund*, being made of *osiers* small,
 "Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
 "He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad."

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *and precious-juiced flowers.]* Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprized when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *powerful grace,]* Efficacious virtue. *Johnson.*

Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man⁷ as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.⁸

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri.

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

⁶ — with that part —] i. e. with the part which smells; with the olfactory nerves. *Malone.*

⁷ Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man —] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Peace hath three foes encamped in our breasts,

"Ambition, wrath, and envie. —" *Steevens.*

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"— terror, and dear modesty,

"*Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*"

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such opposed *kings*. Our author has more than once alluded to these *opposed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.

So, in *Othello*:

"Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side."

Again, in his 44th Sonnet:

"To win me soon to hell, my female evil

"Tempteth my *better angel* from my side:

"Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,

"Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out." *Malone.*

⁸ Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:

"A vengeful canker eat him up to death." *Malone.*

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:⁹
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

⁹ — both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physick lies:] This is one of the passages in which our author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

M. Mason.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave, |

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.⁹
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.¹

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.²

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast;
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

⁹ — and *could not spell,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not spell.

I mention these minute variations only to show, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. *Malone.*

¹ The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. *Steevens.*

² — *I stand on sudden haste.*] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“ — it stands me much upon,

“ To stop all hopes” &c. *Steevens.*

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;³ And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,⁴ I can tell you.⁵ O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.⁶ He fights

³ — the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Then she will get the upshot, by cleaving of the pin."

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. IV, p. 63. A butt-shaft was the kind of arrow used in shooting at butts. *Steevens*.

The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have shot two arrows without heads,

"They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,

"And I'll cleave the black pin i' the midst of the white."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

"Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave."

Malone.

⁴ More than prince of cats,] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. *Warburton*.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"— tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

"— not *Tibalt* prince of cats," &c. *Steevens*.

It appears to me that these speeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus:

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt* more than prince of cats?

Mer. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments, &c.

M. Mason.

⁵ — I can tell you.] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. *Malone*.

⁶ — courageous captain of compliments.] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio:

"A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

"Have chose as umpire,"

says our author, of Don Armado, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *Johnson*.

as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;⁷ rests me his minim rest,⁸ one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,⁹ a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:¹ Ah, the immortal pasado! the punto reverso! the hay!²—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lipping, affecting fantasticoes;³ these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a*

⁷ — keeps time, distance, and proportion;] So Ben Jonson's *Bo-badil*:

“Note your *distance*, keep your due *proportion of time*.”

Steevens.

⁸ — his minim rest,] A *minim* is a note of slow time in music, equal to two crotchets. *Malone.*

⁹ — the very butcher of a silk button,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth.”

This phrase also occurs in the *Fantaisies de Bruscambille*, 1612, p. 181: “—un coup de mousquet sans fourchette dans le sixieme bouton —.” *Steevens.*

¹ — a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause.] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you Like it*, Act V, sc. iv.

Warburton.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. “A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first and second cause*,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you Like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. *Steevens.*

We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“—a gentleman's gone then;

“A gentleman of the *first house*; there's the end of't.”

Malone.

² — the hay!] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* *Johnson.*

³ — affecting fantasticoes;] Thus the oldest copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios, &c. read—*phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some

very good blade!—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*
—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,⁴ that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,⁵ who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?⁶ O, their *bons*, their *bons*!⁷

of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with humorists," &c. *Steevens*.

Fantasticoes is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*.
Malone.

⁴ Why, is this not a lamentable thing, grandsire,] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. *Warburton*.

⁵ — these *pardonnez-moy's*,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. *Johnson*.

The old copies have—these *pardon-mees*, not, these *pardon nez-mois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity. *Malone*.

If the French phrase be not substituted for the English one, where lies the ridicule designed by Mercutio? "Their *bons* their *bons*," immediately following, shows that Gallick phraseology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez-moy*." *Steevens*.

⁶ — stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. *Farmer*.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I, sc. i:—"sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." *Steevens*.

⁷ O, their *bons*, their *bons*!] Mercutio is here ridiculing those renchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in extacies with every trifle; as he had just described them before:

"— a very good blade!" &c. *Theobald*.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones*! Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." *Malone*.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen, and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,⁸ but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there 's a French salutation to your French slop.⁹ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;¹ Can you not conceive?

⁸ — *Thisbé a grey eye or so,*] He means to allow that Thisbé had a very fine eye; for from various passages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue eye*. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,”—
i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

“Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning.”
Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
“Under these windows: white and *azure* lac'd;
“With *blue* of heaven's own tinct.”

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says, “I will give out divers schedules of my *beauty*;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them,” &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says—

“Her eyes are *grey* as glass, and so are mine.”
And Chaucer has the same comparison:

“—hire eyes *gray* as *glas*.”

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glass is not what we call grey, but blue or azure. *Malone.*

If *grey* eyes signified *blue* eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, should have styled Sycorax a—*blue-eyed* hag, instead of a *grey-eyed* one? See Vol. II, p. 31; and note in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II, sc. ii, Vol. XVII. *Steevens.*

⁹ — *your French slop.*] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trousers, worn at preset only by sailors. *Steevens.*

See Vol. IV, p. 78, n. 1. *Malone.*

¹ *What counterfeit &c.?*

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;] To understand this play upon

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great ; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.²

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.³

Mer. Well said:⁴ Follow me this jest now, till thou

the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*." *Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods*, by Robert Greene. Again:

"I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me,

"A counterfeit." *Magnetick Lady*, Act III, sc. vi.

Other instances may be seen in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. V, p. 396, edit. 1780. *Reed*.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, satires, &c. 1598:

"Is not he fond then which a *slip* receives

"For current money? She which thee deceaves

"With copper guilt, is but a *slip* —."

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* no date, that a *slip* was "a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*." P. 281.

Steevens.

² — pink of courtesy.] This appears to have been an ancient formulary mode of encomium; for in a ballad written in the time of Edward II, (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) we have the following lines:

"Heo is *lilie* of largesse,

"Heo is *paruenke* of prouesse,

"Heo is *solsecle* of suetnesse." &c. *Steevens*.

³ — then is my pump well flower'd.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore pinked pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. *Johnson*.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614:—"Every mask-er's pump was fastened with a flower suitable to his cap." *Steevens*.

⁴ Well said:] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and

hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest,⁵ solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.⁶

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;⁷ for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one

the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit*! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XIII. *Malone*.

By *sure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark. *Steevens*.

⁵ O single-soled *jest*,] i. e. slight, unsolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewise in Hall's second Book of *Satires*:

"And scorne contempt itselke that doth excite

"Each *single-sold* squire to set you at so light." *Steevens*.

This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*, p. 23: "which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such *single soale* kings as were at those daies in Ireland."

Malone.

⁶ — my wits fail.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1599, and the folio—my wits faints. *Steevens*.

⁷ — if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in Chambers's *Dictionary*, last edition, under the article CHASE.

This barbarous sport is enumerated by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen: "Riding of great horses, running at ring, tilts and tournaments, horse races, *wild-goose chases*, are disports of great men." P. 226, edit. 1632, fol.

This account explains the pleasantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly—"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins—"Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chase*," &c. *H. White*.

of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five:
Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when
thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear⁸ for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.⁹

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;¹ it is a most
sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheverel,² that stretches from
an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which ad-
ded to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.³

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for
love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now
art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for
this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs loll-
ing up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.^{4*}

⁸ *I will bite thee by the ear*—] So, Sir Epicure Mammon to
Face, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

“Slave, I could bite thine ear.” Steevens.

⁹ — *good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be
found in Ray's *Collection*; and is used in *The Two Angry Women*
of Abington, 1599. Steevens.

¹ — *a very bitter sweeting;*] A bitter sweeting, is an apple of
that name. So, in Summer's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“— as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits.”

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

“— what, in displeasure gone!

“And left me such a bitter sweet to know upon?” Steevens.

² — *a wit of cheverel,*] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.

Johnson.

Cheveril is from chevreuil, roebuck. Musgrave.

³ — *proves thee far and wide a broad goose.*] To afford some
meaning to this poor but intended witticism, Dr. Farmer would
read—“proves thee far and wide abroad, goose.” Steevens.

⁴ — *to hide his bauble in a hole.*] It has been already observed
by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Vol.
V, p. 283, n. 8, that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a
licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir William D'Avenant's
Albiovine, 1629: “For such rich widows there love court fools, and
use to play with their baubles.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“And as stark an idiot as ever bare a bable.” Steevens.

* The quotation from Sir Wm. D'Avenant's *Albiovine*, throws

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.⁵

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short : for I was come to the whole depth of my tale : and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.⁶

Rom. Here 's goodly geer !

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail,⁷ a sail !

Ben. Two two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.⁸

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den,⁹ fair gentlewoman.

a gleam of light, however dubious, upon this rencontre of wanton wits, that the meaning stands or fully exposed as if illumined by the broad glare of Johnson's reprehension. *Am. Ed.*

⁵ — *against the hair*] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—"against the grain." See Vol. III, p. 77, n. 5; and Vol. VIII, p. 294, n. 6. *Steevens.*

I opine, that the commentators, in the present instance, have eschewed to seek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuta silentio merces*, saith the Roman adage. *Amner.*

⁶ — *to occupy the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton allusion. See Vol. IX, p. 67, n. 4. *Malone.*

⁷ *Mer. A sail, a sail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo. *Malone.*

⁸ *My fan, Peter,*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." *Farmer.*

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan," &c. *Steevens.*

⁹ *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial¹ is now upon the prick of noon.²

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir;³ unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"God you good even, sir." *Steevens.*

1 — *hand of the dial &c.*] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "— the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon." *Steevens.*

2 — *the prick of noon.*] I marvel much that mine associates in the task of expounding the darker phrases of Shakspeare, should have overlooked this, which also hath already occurred in *King Henry VI*, Part III, Act I, sc. iv:

"And made an evening at the noon-tide prick."

Prick meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Characterie, or an Arte of Shorte &c. writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588: "If the worde, by reason of tence ende in ed, as I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left side."—Again: "The present tence wanteth a *pricke*, and so is knowen from other tences."—Again: "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *prickes* under the bodie of the character," &c. *Amner.*

3 *No hare, sir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has*

*An old hare hoar,⁴
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady.⁵
[*Exeunt MER. and BEN.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewel!⁶—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this,⁷ that was so full of his ropery?⁸

found. And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. *Johnson.*

So ho! is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is started. *A. C.*

⁴ *A old hare hoar,*] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennylesse's Supplication to the Devil*, 1596: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's Letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"— mice and rats

"Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot

"Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands." *Steevens.*

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this stage-direction; "*He walks between them.* [i. e. the Nurse and Peter,] *and sings.*" *Malone.*

⁵ — *lady, lady, lady.*] The burden of an old song. *Steevens.*

⁶ *Marry, farewel!*] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. *Malone.*

⁷ — *what saucy merchant was this, &c.*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in Churchyard's *Chance*, 1580:

"What *sausie merchant* speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage."

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. *Steevens.*

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:⁹—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,¹ it were a very gross kind of beha-

⁸ — of his ropery!]
Ropery was anciently used in the same sense as *rogue* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleasant and full of thy roperye."

Rope-sticks are mentioned in another place. *Steevens.*

⁹ — none of his skains-mates. None of his skains-mates means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. *Malone.*

A *skain* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the Nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

"And in my skin bare tokens of their *skains*."

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1507. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having "a little *skene* tied in a purple scarf."

Green, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, describes, "an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skaine* like a brewer's dung-knife."

Skain is the Irish word for a knife. *Steevens.*

¹ — if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,
So, in *A Handfull of pleasant Delightes*, containing sundry new Sonets, &c. 1584:

"When they see they may her win,

"They leave then where they did begin:

viour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest;² which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.³

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;⁴
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy⁵

“They prate, and make the matter nice,

“And leave her in *fooles paradise*.” *Malone.*

² — *protest*.] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” See Donne's fourth *Satire*. *Steevens.*

³ — *Here is for thy pains*.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he;—and so adieu.” *Malone.*

⁴ — *like a tackled stair*.] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. *Johnson.*

A *stair*, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. *Malone.*

⁵ — *top-gallant of my joy*.] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

Must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Farewel!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
 Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
 Two may keep counsel, putting one away?⁶

Rom. I warrant thee;⁷ my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
 Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,⁸—O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?⁹

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, B. I, Hist. IV: “—which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoisted his fame from top to *top-gallant*, that” &c.

The expression is common to many writers; among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607:

“—beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Steevens.

⁶ *Two may keep counsel*, &c.] This proverb, with a slight variation, is introduced in *Titus Andronicus*. *Steevens.*

⁷ *I warrant thee*;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

⁸ *Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady*—Lord, lord!—*when 'twas a little prating thing*, —] So, in the Poem:

“And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell.

“A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young;

“Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,” &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*.

Malone.

⁹ *Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this question the Nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleasant Delites*, &c. 1584:

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:¹ and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

"Rosemary is for remembrance,
"Betweene us daie and night,
"Wishing that I might alwaies have
"You present in my sight."

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

That rosemary was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: "I meet few but are stuck with rosemary; every one ask'd me, who was to be married?" Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and rosemary, and nose-gaies? What, a wedding?" *Malone*.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here imputed to her question. *Steevens*.

¹ Nurse. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. &c.*] It is a little mortifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

"—spissis indigna theatris

"Scripta pudet recitare, et nugis addere pondus."

The Nurse is represented as a prating silly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mocked her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is R. yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, R in schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound.

"Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee*? *Steevens*.

I believe we should read—R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter. *Tyrwhitt*.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1578:

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.² [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,³

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

"Nought els soundeth but the hoore letter R.

"Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath,

"Save the dogges letter glowing with nar, nar." *Steevens.*

Erasmus in explaining the adage "*canina facundia*," says, "*R. litéra, quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*" I think it is used in this sense more than once in *Rabelais*: and in *The Alchemist* Subtle says, in making out Abel Druggers name, "And right anenst him a dog snarling er." *Douce.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly superior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee? no;*) or one formerly proposed by Dr. Johnson (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter. *Ritson.*

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599 and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. *Malone.*

To the notes on this passage perhaps the following illustration may not improperly be added from Nash's *Summers last Will and Testament*, 1600, of dogs:

"They *arre* and *barke* at night against the moone." *Todd.*

² Peter, Take my fan, and go before.] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies, instead of these words, have—Before, and apace. *Malone.*

This custom of having a fan-carrier is also mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

"—doe you heare, good man;

"Now give me pearle, and carry you my fan." *Steevens.*

³ — should be thoughts, &c.] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

— should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit. PET.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.⁴

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fy, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!⁵

*Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,
What says my love?—*

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto, too valuable to be lost. He has therefore inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary, in Act V:

"As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

"Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb." *Steevens.*

⁴ *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news*

By playing it to me with so sour a face.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—needs so tart a favour,

"To trumpet such good tidings!"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"—if it be summer-news,

"Smile to it before." *Malone.*

⁵ *—What a jaunt have I had!]* This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

"—What a jaunce have I had!"

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse,
 speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste ? can you not stay awhile ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance :
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I 'll
warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench ;
serve God,—What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before ;
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?⁶

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes ! what a head have I ?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back !—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous :—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou reply'st ?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See
King Richard II.

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.” *Malone.*

⁶ No, no : But all this did I know before ;

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?] So, in *The
Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought ;

“ But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you
brought ?” *Malone.*

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come-up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*⁷

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

⁷ This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

"*Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant

" Consists the good of me and Juliet.

"*Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may

" To make you happy, if in me it lie.

"*Rom.* This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,

" And consummate those never-parting bands,

" Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands;

" And come she will.

"*Friar.* I guess she will indeed:

" Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter JULIET somewhat fast, and embraceth ROMEO.

" See where she comes!—

" So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;

" Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,⁸
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives⁹ as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:¹—O, so light a foot

“*Jul.* Romeo!

“*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
“(Clos’d in night’s mists) attend the frolick day,
“So Romeo hath expected Juliet;

“And thou art come,

“*Jul.* I am (if I be day)

“Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.

“*Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

“*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

“*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;

“Defer embracements to some fitter time;

“Part for a time, ‘you shall not be alone,

“Till holy church hath join’d you both in one.”

“*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

“*Jul.* Make haste, make haste, this ling’ring doth us
wrong.

“*Friar.* O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;

“Haste is a common hind’rer in cross-way.” [*Exeunt.*

Stevens.

⁸ *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author’s
Rape of Lucrece:

“These violent vanities can never last.” *Malone.*

⁹ *Too swift arrives* —] He that travels too fast is as long before
he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Pre-
cipitation produces mishap. *Johnson.*

¹ *Here comes the lady*: &c.] However the poet might think the
alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid,
in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very success-
ful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint*
appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beauti-
ful than the lines as they were originally written, where the light-

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers²
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,³
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;⁴
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.⁵

ness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. *Steevens.*

² *A lover may bestride the gossomers* —] The *gossomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

"Fine as Arachne's web, or *gossamer*

"Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

"Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

See *King Lear*, Act IV, sc. vi, Vol. XIV. *Steevens.*

See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616: "*Gossomer*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." *Malone.*

³ *Conceit, more rich &c.*] *Conceit* here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"— which the *conceited* painter drew so proud," &c.

See Vol. XI, p. 101, n. 6. *Malone.*

Thus, in the title-page to the first quarto edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy" &c. Again, in the title, &c. to *King Henry IV*, P. I, quarto, 1599: "— with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falstaffe —."

Steevens.

⁴ *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, sc. i, Vol. XIII. *Steevens.*

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I were but little happy, if I could say how much." *Malone.*

⁵ *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.....SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
 The day is hot,⁶ the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but

I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.
 The undated quarto and the folio:

I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.
 The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

⁶ *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. *Johnson.*

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, B. II, c. xix, p. 70, it is said—"And commonly every yeere or each second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counsell chooseth out," &c. *Reed.*

because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!⁷

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!⁸

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.⁹—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

⁷ — *thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads — *thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.* The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read — *Thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.* *Malone.*

⁸ *An I were so apt &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Follow me close, for I will speak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: “Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;” and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt’s partizans suffer him to be killed without taking part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, “By my head, here comes a *Capulet*.” Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto, 1599, *the Capulets.* *Malone.*

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo. *Steevens.*

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,² can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
*A la stoccata*³ carries it away. [Draws.

² — the hate I bear thee,] So the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. *Malone.*

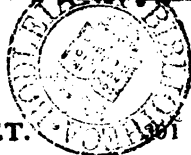
³ *A la stoccata* —] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"He makes a thrust; I with a swift passado

"Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*," &c.

Steevens.

ROMEO AND JULIET.



Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats,⁴ nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?⁵ make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYB. and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me

⁴ *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 271, n. 5.

Malone.

⁵ *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. *Warburton.*

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again, “Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimicks.”

It appears from this passage, that *Ben Jonson* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. *Steevens.*

to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.⁶ I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MER. and BEN.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,⁷

⁶ — a grave man.] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—"A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where 's the surgeon?"

"*Boy.* He 's come, sir.

"*Mer.* Now he 'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!" *Steevens.*

"You shall find me a grave man." This jest was better in old language, than it is at present. Lydgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master Chaucer now is grave." *Farmer.*

We meet with the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's scull, and observes:

"—she has a somewhat grave look with her." *Steevens.*

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: "At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a grave drunkard." *Malone.*

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth,

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;⁷
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph!⁸ and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,¹
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!²—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

⁷ — *hath aspir'd the clouds,*] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*."

Again, in Chapman's version of the tenth *Iliad*:

"—— and presently *aspir'd*

"The guardless Thracian regiment."

Again, in the ninth *Iliad*:

"—— and *aspir'd* the gods' eternal feats."

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to* and *after*. *Steevens*.

⁸ *This day's black fate on more days doth depend;*] This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief *Johnson*.

⁹ *Alive! in triumph! &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto, 1599, has—

He gan in triumph —.

This, in the subsequent ancient copies, was made—*He gone, &c.* *Malone*.

¹ — *respective lenity,*] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"*Respect* and reason well beseem the sage." *Malone*.

² *And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

"Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

"Must be my *conduct* in the secret night."

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599, *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire and fury be my conduct now. *Malone*.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYB. falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

Stand not amaz'd:³—the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!⁴

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Rom.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit.

Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd⁵

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,⁶

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

³ *Stand not amaz'd:*] i. e. confounded, in a state of confusion. So, in *Cymbeline*: "I am amaz'd with matter." *Steevens*.

⁴ *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the Fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. *Johnson*.

See *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, Act III, sc. ii, Vol. XVII.

In the first copy—O! I am *fortune's slave*. *Steevens*.

⁵ *Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd*—] The pronoun—*me*, has been inserted by the recommendation of the following note. *Steevens*.

The quarto, 1597, reads:

Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spill'd—.

The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, have:

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd, &c. *Malone*.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel⁷ was, and urg'd withal⁸
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false,⁹ he speaks not true:

⁶ — *as thou art true,*] As thou art just and upright. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard III.*

"And if King Edward be as true and just, —." *Steevens.*

⁷ *How nice the quarrel* —] How slight, how unimportant, how petty. So, in the last Act:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge,

"Of dear import." *Johnson.*

See also, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. xi, Vol. XIII.

Malone.

⁸ — *and urg'd withal* —] The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,¹
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,²
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.³

[*Exeunt.*

seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. *Johnson.*

¹ — *in your hates' proceeding,*] This, as Mr. Stevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts proceeding*; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. *Malone.*

² *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,*] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received.

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 701.

Steevens.

³ *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince concludes his speech with these words:

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;

Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

Malone.

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ;⁴ such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.⁵—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink ;⁶ and Romeo

⁴ Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II*, which was performed before 1593 :

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,
"And dusky night in rusty iron car ;
"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
"That I may see that most desired day." *Malone.*

Gallop apace, &c.] Cowley copies the expression, *Dauides*, B. III :

"Slow rose the sun, but gallopt down apace,
"With more than evening blushes in his face."

The succeeding compound "fiery-footed" is used by Drayton, in one of his Eclogues :

"Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team."

It is also used by Spenser, in *The Fairy Queen*. *Todd.*

— *Phœbus' mansion ;]* The second quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging*. *Steevens.*

⁵ — *immediately.]* Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. *Steevens.*

⁶ *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !*

That run-away's eyes may wink ; &c.] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt ? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain :

"— Come, seeling night,

"Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun* ; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice* :

"For the close night doth play the *run-away*." *Warburton.*

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very un-

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties:⁷ or, if love be blind,

likely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *run-away*. *Malone*.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or,

That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. vi:

"That ever I should call thee cast-away!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv, sc. ii:

"Mal. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

"Clo. Well-a-day.—That you were, sir!" i. e. Oh—that you were!
 Again, in *Timon*, Act IV:

"That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

"Should yet be hungry!"

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

Next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind, lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakespeare terms the night a *run-away* in *The Merchant of Venice*; and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

"The night hath play'd the swift-foot run-away."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*:

"——— night hath many eyes,

"Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies."

Steevens.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures:

"That run-away eyes may wink, and Romeo

"Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen."

Blackstone.

⁷ *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

By their own beauties:'] So, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander:

"—— dark night is Cupid's day."

It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,⁸
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood⁹ bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,¹
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.²—

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read—*And by their own beauties.* In the text the undated quarto has been followed.

Malone.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakespeare:

“Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
 “By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 “Were in the flat sea sunk.” *Steevens.*

⁸ *Come, civil night,* *Civil is grave, decently solemn.* *Johnson.*
 See *As you Like it*, Vol. V, p. 71, n. 5. *Steevens.*

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:

“—my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
 “Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.” *Malone.*

⁹ — unmann'd blood —] Blood yet unacquainted with man.
Johnson.

Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating*, (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed,) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

“A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled, *Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded*, &c.:

“Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,
 “Or like a *hide* before 'tis *tan'd*.”

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: “It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causelesse.”

Steevens.

See Vol. VI, p. 106, n. 7. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. *Malone.*

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it possibly see the object of its pursuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was dismissed. See Vol. IX, p. 302, n. 5. *Steevens.*

¹ — grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. *Malone.*

² *Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.*] The quarto, 1599,

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,³
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,⁴
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.⁵—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,⁶
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,

and the folio—upon. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—on a raven's back; and so, many of the modern editors. *Malone.*

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity.

Steevens.

3 — *black-brow'd night,*] So, in *King John*:

“Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*.” *Steevens.*

4 — *when he shall die,*] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quartos of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when I shall die. *Malone.*

5 — *the garish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:

“—— *Civil night,*

“Thou sober-suited matron.”—*Shakspeare.*

“Till *civil-suited* morn appear.”—*Milton.*

“Pay no worship to the *garish sun*.”—*Shakspeare.*

“Hide me from day's *garish eye*.”—*Milton.* *Johnson.*

Garish is gaudy, showy. So, in *King Richard III*:

“A dream of what thou wast, a *garish flag*.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II*, 1598:

“—— march'd like players

“With *garish robes*.”

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance: “—— starting up and *gairishly* staring about, especially on the face of *Eliosto*.” Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. *Steevens.*

6 — *I have bought the mansion of a love,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— the strong base and *building of my love*

“Is as the very center to the earth,

“Drawing all things to it.” *Malone.*

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,⁷

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:⁸

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

. If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

⁷ — *say thou but I,*] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. *Malone.*

⁸ — *death-darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. X, p. 196, n. 9, and p. 208, n. 1. *Malone.*

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. *Pope.*

The strange lines are these:

“I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,

“Or these eyes shot, that makes thee answer *I*.

“If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:

“Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.”

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

— that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,

Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, *I*.

I am not *I*, &c. *Johnson.*

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Mil-lers Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

“And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” *Steevens.*

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 God save the mark!⁹—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
 once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?¹—
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!²
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

⁹ *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I, sc. i. See note on that passage. *Steevens.*

¹ *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—

My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. *Malone.*

² *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

“—look like the innocent *flower*,

“But be the *serpent* under it.” *Henley.*

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?] So, in *King John*:

“Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

“*With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.*”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon*, &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. *Malone.*

Dove-feather'd raven!⁴ wolvisb-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint,⁵ an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse.

There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where 's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.⁶
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul.

Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;⁷



⁴ *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c.] In old editions—

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.

The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. *Pope.*

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

Wolvisb-ravening lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb-rav'ning lamb! Theobald.

The quarto, 1599, and folio, read—

Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolvisb-ravening lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

⁵ *A damned saint.*] The quarto, 1599, for *damned*, has—*dimme*; the first folio—*dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. *Malone.*

⁶ *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.” *Malone.*

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,⁸

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears,⁹ back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.¹ Tybalt's death

⁷ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II, p. 223: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their sledge and lodging?" The image of shame sitting on the brow, is not in the poem. *Steevens.*

⁸ — what tongue shall smooth thy name,] To smooth, in ancient language, is stroke, to caress, to fondle. So, in *Perciles*, Act I, sc. ii: "Seem'd not to strike, but smooth." *Steevens.*

⁹ Back, foolish tears, &c.] So, in *The Tempest*:

" — I am a fool

" To weep at what I am glad of." *Steevens.*

"Back," says she, "to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep?" *Malone.*

¹ Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. *Johnson.*

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,²
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?³
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
 spent,
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. *Ritson*.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right; for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not out of her mind. *M. Mason*.

² — *sour woe delights in fellowship,*] Thus the Latin hexameter: (I know not whence it comes)

“Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.” *Steevens*.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

“As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“—the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.”

Malone.

³ *Which modern lamentation &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*. I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

Johnson.

It means only *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you Like it*:

“Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.” *Steevens*.

But I a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him! he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment⁴
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

⁴ — then banishment —] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read —then *banished*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hamer. The words are not in the quarto, 1597. *Malone.*

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy,⁵ and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives;⁶ and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo:⁷ they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,⁸
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

⁵ *This is dear mercy,*] So the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. *Malone.*

Mere mercy, in ancient language, signifies *absolute* mercy. So, in *Othello*:

“The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“——to the *mere* undoing

“Of all the kingdom.” *Steevens.*

⁶ —— *heaven is here,*

Where Juliet lives,] From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite*:

“Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,

“And where she's absent, all is hell besides.” *Steevens.*

⁷ —— *More validity,*

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. *Johnson.*

Validity is employed to signify *worth* or *value*, in the first scene of *King Lear*. *Steevens.*

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant; the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines:

“——they may seize

“On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“And steal immortal blessing from her lips;—

“*Flies* may do this.” *Malone.*

⁸ *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,*] This and the next line are not in the first copy. *Malone.*

But Romeo may not; he is banished:⁹
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
 They are free men, but I am banished.
 And says't thou yet, that exile is not death?¹
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.²

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.³

⁹ *But Romeo may not; he is banished:*] This line has been very awkwardly introduced in the modern as well as ancient copies, and might better be inserted after—*their own kisses sin.* Steevens.

This line, in the original copy, immediately follows—"And steal immortal blessing from her lips." The two lines, *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical: the line, therefore, *But Romeo may not; &c.* undoubtedly ought to follow these two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—*is not death.* Malone.

¹ *They are free men, but I am banished.*

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?] These two lines are not in the original copy. Malone.

² *Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.*] So the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

Then fond man, hear me a little speak.

The folio:

Then fond mad man, hear me speak. Malone.

³ *Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,*

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Friar says—

"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy."

"But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy."

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "Thou sayest *banishment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with sweet sawces, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy *exile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable." Malone.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.⁴

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,⁵
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who 's there?—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

[*Knocking.*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness⁶ is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

⁴ *Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.*] The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—— can he speak? hear?

“Know man from man? *dispute his own estate?*”

i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in? *Steevens.*

⁵ *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

Wert thou as young as Juliet my love.

I only mention this to show the very high value of the early quarto editions. *Malone.*

⁶ *What wilfulness* —] Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599 and the folio, have—*What simpleness.* *Malone.*

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri.

O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!⁷

Nurse.

Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death 's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?⁸

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,

And then down falls again.

Rom.

As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand

⁷ *O woeful sympathy*

Piteous predicament!] The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the *Friar*. *Farmer*.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. *Steevens*.

⁸ — cancell'd love?] The folio reads—*conceal'd love*. *Johnson*.

The quarto, *cancell'd love*. *Steevens*.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So, that the sense is, my lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. *Heath*.

Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman,⁹ in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,¹
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?²
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.

⁹ *Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man. Johnson.*

A person who seemed both man and woman, would be a monster, and of course an ill-beseeming beast. This is all the Friar meant to express. *M. Mason.*

¹ *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,] Thus the first copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, have—*

And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives. Malone.

My copy of the first folio reads:

And slay thy lady that in thy life lies. Steevens.

² *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so:*

“First *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,

“In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife;

“The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;

“He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*.—

“On fortune eke he rail'd.”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c.* to—*thy own defence*, are not in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem:

“Why cry'st thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?

“Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou hate?” &c. *Malone.*

Fy, fy! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man:³
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,⁴
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.⁵
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:⁶
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,

³ Digressing *from the valour of a man*:] So, in the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, as translated by Chapman:

"—— my deservings shall in nought digress

"From best fame of our race's foremost merit." *Steevens*.

⁴ Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

"And till this hour the burning is not out." *Steevens*.

⁵ And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. *Johnson*.

⁶ —— there art thou happy too:] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio too is omitted. *Malone*.

It should not be concealed, that the reading of the *second folio* corresponds with that of the *first quarto*:

—— there art thou happy too. *Steevens*.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions; a sufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the result of *ignorance* or *caprice*. *Ritson*.

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:⁷
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.⁸

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night;⁹ and here stands all your
 state;¹—

⁷ *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:]* The quarto, 1599,
 and 1609, read:

Thou puts up thy fortune and thy love.

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

Thou putt'st up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands:

Thou frown'st upon thy fate, that smiles on thee. *Malone.*

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus*, Act V, sc. i:

“ ——— then

“ *We pout upon the morning, —.*” *Steevens.*

⁸ *Romeo is coming.]* Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Go hence: Good night; &c.]* These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. *Johnson.*

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope.

Malone.

¹ — *here stands all your state;]* The whole of your fortune depends on this. *Johnson.*

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late : farewel ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.²

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter :
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I ; — Well, we were born to die. —
 'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night :
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
 Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
 To-night she 's mew'd up³ to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love :⁴ I think, she will be rul'd

² *SCENE IV.*] Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. *Pope.*

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself so loosely, as to have been misunderstood by *Mr. Steevens*. In the text these unnecessary verses, as *Mr. Pope* calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. *Malone.*

³ — mew'd up —] This is a phrase from falconry. A mew was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

“ — fully mew'd

“ From brown soar feathers —.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard III.*:

“ And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up.” *Steevens.*

⁴ *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

Of my child's love.] Desperate means only bold, adventurous, as

In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to-bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewel, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Juliet's Chamber.*⁵

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark;
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:⁶

if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.* Johnson.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600:

"Witness this desperate tender of mine honour." Steevens.

⁵ SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage.

Malone.

⁶ Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that,

Believe, me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :⁷
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so .
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex⁸ of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go ;⁹—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—

if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together.

What Eustathius, however, has observed relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his 12th *Odyssey*, may be applied to the passage before us : “— These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree, were not there in reality ?”

Steevens.

⁷ *It is some meteor that the sun exhales,*

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way —] Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edit. p. 109 : “The moon, then full, (not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty) guided her steps.”

And Sir J. Davies's *Orchestra*, 1596, st. vii, of the sun :

“When the great torch-bearer of heaven was gone

“Downe in a maske unto the Ocean's court.”

And Drayton's *Eng. Heroic. Epist.* p. 221, where the moon is described with the stars—

“Attending on her, as her torch-bearers.” *Todd.*

⁸ — *the pale reflex —*] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. *Johnson.*

⁹ *I have more care to stay, than will to go ;*] Would it not be better thus—*I have more will to stay, than care to go?* *Johnson..*

Care was frequently used in Shakspeare's time for *inclination.*

Malone.

How is 't, my soul? 'let 's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;¹
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!²
Since arm from arm³ that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.⁴

¹ — *sweet division*;] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *King Henry IV*, P I:

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

“ With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

To run a *division*, is also a musical term. *Steevens*.

² *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark sings; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. *A. C.*

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. *Heath*.

The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that the toad and lark had changed eyes. To this the speaker alludes.

Warburton.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme:

“ ——— To heav'n I 'd fly,

“ But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.” *Johnson*.

Read chang'd eyes. *M. Mason*.

³ *Since arm from arm &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may show the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* *Johnson*.

⁴ *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muse.”

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Rom. descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!⁵
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.⁶

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:⁷

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599:

"To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,
"I'll be his minstrell with my drum and fife." *Steevens.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, "what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.*" *Ritson.*

A *huntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, in v. *Reveuil.* *Malone.*

⁵ *Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!]* Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay husband, friend! *Malone.*

⁶ *O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.]*

"*Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus."*

Ovid, Epist. I. Steevens.

⁷ *O God! I have an ill-divining soul: &c.]* This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind,

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead⁸ in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.⁹ Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Rom.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith?¹ Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?²
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?³

Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

" — my mind misgives,
" Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
" From this night's revels." Steevens.

⁸ O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead —] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
" And fear doth teach it divination;
" I prophecy thy death."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art so low. Malone.

⁹ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb—"Sorrow's dry."

Chapman, in his version of the seventeenth *Iliad*, says—

" ————— their harts
" Drunk from their faces all their blouds; —." Steevens.

He is accounting for their paleness. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, we have—"blood-sucking sighs." Malone.

¹ That is renown'd for faith?] This Romeo, so renown'd for faith, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of course, to have every excellence. M. Mason.

² Is she not down so late, or up so early?] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? Malone.

³ — procures her hither?] Procures for brings. Warburton.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live; Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love; But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him!⁴ I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from⁵ the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runaway doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,⁶

⁴ *God pardon him!*] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

⁵ *Ay, madam, from &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. *Johnson.*

⁶ *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, 1623, which read, less intelligibly:

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. *Stevens.*

The elder quarto has—*That should &c.* The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. *Malone.*

—*unaccustom'd dram,*] In vulgar language, *Shall give him a dram* which he is *not used to*. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious.* *Johnson.*

I believe Dr. Johnson's *first explanation* is the true one. *Bar-*

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt?
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou⁸ the means, and I 'll find such a man.

But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,⁹ what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

naby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense:

“And ever as we mounted up,

“I lookte upon my wynges,

“And prowde I was, me thought, to see

“Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs.” *Stevens.*

⁷ — *my cousin Tybalt* —] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio.

Malone.

⁸ *Find thou &c.*] This line in the quarto, 1597, is given to Juliet.

Stevens.

⁹ — *in happy time*,] *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. *Johnson.*

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.¹

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;¹
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?²

¹ *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto, 1599, and the folio, is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece*, strongly supports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth weep, the sun being set, —," *Malone.*

When our author, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, says: "And when she [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;" he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew*. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to *weep*. *Steevens.*

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled dew*, is evident from other passages. So, in *King John*:

"Before the *dew* of evening *fall*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"His *dews fall* every where."

Again, in the same play:

"The *dews* of *heaven fall* thick in blessings on her."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"*Dews* of blood *fell*." *Ritson.*

² *How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?*] In Thomas Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii, st. 40, 1609, there is the same allusion:

"You should not let such high-priz'd moysture fall,

"Which from your hart your *conduit-eyes* distill." *H. White.*

Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
The tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick!³ What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;
And yet not proud;⁴—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. See Vol. VI, p. 312, n. 1.

We have again the same image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,

"Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling." *Malone.*

³ — *chop-logick*!] This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xxxiii Orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name: "*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the deuylles pater noster in scylence."

In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell* &c. 1560, this word also occurs:

"But you wyl *choplogyck*

"And be Bee-to-busse," &c. *Stevens.*

⁴ *And yet not proud*; &c.] This line is wanting in the folio.

Stevens.

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow-face!⁵

La. Cap. Fy, fy! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.—Wife we scarce thought us bless'd,
 That God had sent us⁶ but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:⁷ Day, night,
 late, early,

⁵ — out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call *Aeneas—hedgerat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants:

“*Horeson*, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?” *Steevens*.

⁶ — had sent us —] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—had lent us. *Malone*.

⁷ *God's bread!* &c.] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads:

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demiesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—I 'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
 But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage, for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.*

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,

"God's blessed mother, wife, it makes me mad,
 "Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
 "Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 "Still my care hath been to see her match'd."

The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read:

"God's bread, it makes me mad.
 "Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 "Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 "To have her match'd," &c. *Malone.*

* *In that dim monument &c.*] The modern editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and the folio. *Stevens.*

Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.⁹
 O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green,¹ so quick, so fair an eye,

⁹ 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo

*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,*

I think it best you married with the county.] The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. *Steevens.*

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

"The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,

"And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;

"She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,

"And eke she praiseth much to her the second marriage;

"And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more

"By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before:

"Paris shall dwell there still; Romeus shall not return;

"What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn?" *Malone.*

Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare. *Blackstone.*

¹ —so green, — an eye,] So, the first editions. Sir T. Hammer reads—so keen. *Johnson.*

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

"His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn."

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here² and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse.

From my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul.

Amen!

Nurse.

To what?³

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation!⁴ O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare,
Act V, sc. i:

"—oh vouchsafe,

"With that thy rare green eye," &c.—

I may add, that Arthur Hall (the most ignorant and absurd of
all the translators of Homer), in the fourth *Iliad* (4to, 1581),
calls Minerva—

"The greene eide Goddese.—" *Steevens.*

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily
collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to
Thisbé in the last Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"These lily lips,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone!—

"His eyes were green as leeks." *Malone.*

² *As living here*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living* hence,
that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, in this
world. *Johnson.*

³ *To what?*] The syllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the
measure, I have ventured to supply. When Juliet says—*Amen!* the
Nurse might naturally ask her to which of the foregoing senti-
ments so solemn a formula was subjoined. *Steevens.*

⁴ *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The
Malcontent*, 1604:

"—out, you ancient damnation!" *Steevens.*

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
 And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.⁵

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
 And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears;
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,

⁵ *And I am nothing slow, &c.] His haste shall not be abated by my slowness. It might be read:*

And I am nothing slow to back his haste:
 that is, I am diligent to abet and enforce his haste. *Johnson.*

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.
Back could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our author must answer for his own peculiarities.

Malone.

May be put from her by society :

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.⁶

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That 's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;

For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir,⁷ that is a truth ;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?⁸

⁶ — be slow'd.] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second Book of Lucan :

" — will you overflow

" The fields, thereby my march to slow?" *Steevens.*

⁷ *That is no slander, sir, &c.]* Thus the first and second folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—That is no wrong, &c. and so leaves the measure defective. *Steevens.*

A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent copies, read:

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.

The context shows that the alteration was not made by Shakespeare. *Malone.*

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, necessary: besides, the reply of Paris justifies the reading in the text:

" Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it." *Steevens.*

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PAR.*

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,⁸
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire;¹ arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art²

⁸ *Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*] Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. "*Masses* (as Fynes Morryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting." So, likewise, in *The booke of theseygnyement and techynge that the knyght of the toure made to his daughters*: translated and printed by Caxton: "And they of the paryshe told the preest that it was past *none*, and therfor he durst not syng *masse*, and so they hadde no *masse* that daye." *Ritson*.

⁹ *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II*, the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal:

"What seal is that, which *hangs* without thy bosom?"

Malone.

¹ *Shall play the umpire,*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. *Johnson.*

Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st I 'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;³
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me⁴ with roaring bears;

² ——— commission of thy years and art —] *Commission* is for authority or power. *Johnson.*

³ O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;] So, in *King Lear*,
written before 1594:

“Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

“The highest turret in all Brittany,

“And from the top leap headlong to the ground.” *Malone.*

—— of yonder tower;] Thus the quarto, 1597. All other ancient copies—of any tower. *Steevens.*

⁴ ——— chain me &c.]

“Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

“Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,

“Or hide me nightly,” &c.

It is thus the editions vary. *Pope.*

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read—

“Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam.” *Johnson.*

I have inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

“Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

“Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;

“Or shut me ———.” *Steevens.*

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

Malone.

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;⁵
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour;⁶ which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes;⁷ thy eyes' windows fall,⁸

⁵ *And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;]* In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word. The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

Or lay me in a tombe with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*. *Malone*.

It may be natural for the reader to ask by what evidence this positive assertion, relative to the printer, is supported.

To creep under a *shroud*, and so be placed in close contact with a corpse, is surely a more terriffick idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. *Steevens*.

⁶ — *through all thy veins shall run*

A cold and drowsy humour, &c.] The first edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of a *cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—"a dull and heavy slumber," and a little lower, "*no sign of breath*," &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines; in the subsequent edition, of thirty-three. *Malone*.

⁷ *The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade*

To paly ashes;] It may be remarked, that this image does

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,⁹

not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's metrical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is founded. It may be met with, however, in *A dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593:

"Her colour change, her cheerfull lookes
"And countenance wanted sprete;
"To *sallow ashes* turnde the hue
"Of beauties *blossomes* sweete:
"And dreary dulnesse had bespred
"The wearish bodie throw;
"Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse
"To do their dutie now.
"The blood forsooke the wonted course,
"And backward ganne retire;
"And left the limmes as cold and swarfe
"As coles that wastes with fire." *Steevens*.

To *paly ashes*;[]] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To *many* ashes, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—*mealy* ashes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V*:

"— and through their *paly* flames,
"Each battle sees the other's *umber'd* face."

We have had too already, in a former scene—"Pale, pale as ashes." *Malone*.

⁸ — thy eyes' windows fall,] See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V, sc. ii, Vol. XIII. *Malone*.

⁹ Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face uncovered, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly described in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Another use there is, that whosoever dies,
"Borne to their church with open face upon the bier he lies,
"In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet —." *Malone*:

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking,¹ and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant toy,² nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.³

Thus also Ophelia's Song in *Hamlet*:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier, —." *Steevens.*

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet, very probably, had struck out, on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

"Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

"At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepsit;

"Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu."

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it.

Fletcher, in his *Knight of Malta*, has imitated the foregoing passage:

"—— and thus thought dead,

"In her best habit, as the custom is

"You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies

"She 's buried in her family's monument," &c. *Steevens.*

¹ —— and he and I

Will watch thy waking,] These words are not in the folio.

Johnson.

² *If no unconstant toy, &c.*] *If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy,* hinder the performance. *Johnson.*

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.] These expressions are borrowed from the poem:

"Cast off from thee at once the weed of womanish dread,

"With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head:—

"God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

"That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!"

Malone.

³ *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.*] The old copies unmetrically read:

Give me, give me! O tell me not &c. *Steevens.*

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewel, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Serv.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.⁴

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers:⁵ therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers,
goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Serv.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift⁶ with merry
look.

⁴ — go hire me twenty cunning cooks.] *Twenty cooks for half
a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or
our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 325.

Ritson.

⁵ — lick his own fingers:] I find this adage in Puttenham's
Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p. 157:

"As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:

"A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick." *Steevens.*

⁶ — from shrift —] i. e. from confession. So, in *The Merry
Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her shrift."

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confession is
personified:

"Now I pray you, *shrift*, mother of salvacyon." *Steevens.*

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?⁷

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love⁸ I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.⁹

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JUL. and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short¹ in our provision;
'Tis now near night.²

⁷ — *gadding*?] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the Blessed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. *Steevens*.

⁸ — *becomed love* —] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one partipice for the other; a frequent practice with our author. *Steevens*.

⁹ — *this reverend holy friar*,

All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound*.”

Malone.

Thus the folio, and the quartos, 1599, and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. *Steevens*.

¹ *We shall be short* —] That is, we shall be defective. *Johnson*.

² 'Tis now near night.] It appears, in a foregoing scene, that Ro-

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons⁴

meo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Laurence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [*"Wednesday is to-morrow."*] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, "'tis near *night*," and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. *Malone.*

³ *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto, 1597, supplies the following short and simple dialogue:

"*Nurse.* Come, come; what need you anie thing else?

"*Juliet.* Nothing, good Nurse, but leave me to mysele.

"*Nurse.* Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night." *Steevens.*

⁴ *For I have need &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. *Johnson.*

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the Nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

"Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day

"Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to*

pray

"Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,

"And order all the course of things as they can best devise,

"That they so *smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,

"That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt La. CAP. and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewel!⁵—God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:⁶
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?⁷

"Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*
"But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning
light,
"For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire —."

Malone.

⁵ *Farewel! &c.*] This speech received considerable additions
after the elder copy was published. *Stevens.*

⁶ *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins.*

That almost freezes up the heat of life:] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat
too long,

"The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,

"That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,

"A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;

"Right in the self same sort that she few days before

"Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke
wounded sore.

"Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,

"Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish* head:

"Then pressed with the *fear* that she there lived in,

"*A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender
skin.*" *Malone.*

Must I of force be married to the county?⁸—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a Dagger.*⁹

⁷ *What if this mixture does not work at all?*] Here also Shak-
speare appears to have followed the poem:

“ — to the end I may my name and conscience save,
“ I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:
“ Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:—
“ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:
“ What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall
“ Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all?*
“ And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,
“ And ether beasts and worms, that are of nature venomous,
“ That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
“ And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are
 found,
“ Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?
“ Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,
“ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store
“ Of carcases not yet consum’d, and bones that long before
“ Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,
“ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common
 grave?
“ Shall not the friar and my Romeo, when they come,
“ Find me, if I awake before, *y-stified in the tomb?*” *Malone.*

⁸ *Must I of force be married to the county?*] Thus the quarto,
1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has ob-
served,

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? *Malone.*

⁹ *Lie thou there.*—[*Laying down a Dagger.*] This stage-direc-
tion has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597,
reads: “*Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages
in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutre-
ments of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet’s *state* had
just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*,
1631:

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding-knives*.”

Again, in *King Edward III*, 1599:

“ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives*:
“ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
“ And with the other, I’ll dispatch my love.”

In the third Book of Sidney’s *Arcadia* we are likewise inform-
ed, that Amphilus “in his crest carried Philocleas’ *knives*, the
only token of her forced favour.” *Steevens.*

In order to account for Juliet’s having a dagger, or, as it is
called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have re-
course to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent so-

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man:
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.¹—
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,²
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,³

ever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been, for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

“If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the Friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count) she says—

“Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“’Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“Shall play the umpire.” *Malone.*

¹ *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. *Steevens.*

² *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is not one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

Steevens.

³ — *green in earth,*] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

“— of our dear brother's death,

“The memory be *green*.” *Steevens.*

Lies fest'ring⁴ in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,⁵
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;⁶—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,⁷
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

⁴ *Lies fest'ring* —] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *King Edward III*, 1599:

“Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III*, has been ascribed to him. *Steevens*.

⁵ — *is it not like, that I,*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. *Johnson*.

⁶ — *run mad;*] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,

“And am grown *mad* with 't.”

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

“The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

“With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.”

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,) has been idly represented as “a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath bene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,” &c. *Steevens*.

See Vol. IX, p. 108, n. 7; and Vol. X, p. 207, n. 7. *Malone*.

⁷ — *be distraught,*] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. ix:

“What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *distraught*,” &c.

Steevens.

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.⁸

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell⁹ hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:¹
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt² in your
time;

⁸ *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.* *Malone.*

⁹ *The curfew bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfew* in any other place. *Johnson.*

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“—well 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*.” *Steevens.*

The *curfew* bell is universally rung at eight or nine o'clock at night; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that any bell was ever rung so early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Conqueror. To *put out the fire* became necessary only because it was time to go to bed: And if the *curfew* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time.

Ritson.

¹ *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:*] Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper. *Steevens.*

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt La. CAP. and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow, What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 *Serv.*]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha, Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with musick straight, [*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fy, you shug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

2 — *a mouse-hunt in your time;*] In my original attempt to explain this passage, I was completely wrong, for want of knowing that in Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weasel is—a *mouse-hunt*. The intrigues of this animal, like those of the cat kind, are usually carried on during the night. This circumstance will account for the appellation which Lady Capulet allows her husband to have *formerly* deserved. *Steevens.*

The animal called the *mouse-hunt*, is the *martin*. *Henley.*

Cat after kinde, good mouse hunt, is a proverb in Heywood's *Dialogue*, 1598, 1st. pt. c. 2. *H. White.*

The county Paris hath set up his rest,³
 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;⁴
 He 'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

³ — *set up his rest.*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers. is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuss. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “— set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ — *My rest is up,*

“ Nor will I go less —.”

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ Like a musket on a *rest*.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Franoise*, Tom. V, plate 48.

Steevens.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good Nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained; it is, however, oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly so. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X, p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together. Reed.

To set up one's rest, is, in fact, a gambling expression, and means that the gamester has determined what stake he should play for.

In the passage quoted by Steevens from Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, when Eustace says:

“ *My rest is up, and I will go no less.*”

he means to say, *my stake is laid*, and I will not play for a smaller.

The same phrase very frequently occurs in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is also used by Lord Clarendon, in his History, as well as in the old comedy of *Supposes*, published in the year 1587. M. Mason.

⁴ — *why lady!—fy, you slug-a-bed! —*

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“ First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,

“ *Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.*”

Malone.

I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady ! lady !
 Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady 's dead !—
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho !—my lord ! my lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me, O me !—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !—
 Help, help !—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead ; alack the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day ! she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead.

Cap. Ha ! let me see her :—Out, alas ! she 's cold ;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
 Life and these lips have long been separated :
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
 wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :

O son, the night before thy wedding day
 Hath death lain with thy bride :—See, there she lies,
 Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
 Death is my son-in-law,^s death is my heir ;
 My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,

^s *Death is my son-in-law, &c.*] The remaining part of this speech, "death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition ; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example, took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.⁶

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,⁷
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!⁸
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable day, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!⁹—alack! my child is dead;

⁶ — *life leaving, all is death's.*] The old copies read—*life living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

⁷ — *morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

“And doth it now present such prodigies?

“Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

“Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

“Born to the world to be a slave in it:

“Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

“O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me

“To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?” *Steevens.*

⁸ *O woe! O woful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597] Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books.

Pope.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. *Malone.*

⁹ *Dead art thou, dead! &c.*] From the defect of the metro it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

Dead, dead, art thou! &c.

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure¹ lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd:
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things,² that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;³
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. *Malone.*

I have repeated the word—*dead*, though in another part of the line. *Steevens.*

¹ — *confusion's cure* —] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the Friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. *Malone.*

² *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

“*Cap.* Let it be so: come woeful sorrow-mates,
“Let us together taste this bitter fate.” *Steevens.*

³ — *burial feast* ;] See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. ii, Vol. XV.

Steevens.

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAP. Lady CAP. PAR. and Friar.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.⁴ [*Exit* Nurse.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's case, heart's case*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's case*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's case*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
 to comfort me.⁵

⁴ — a pitiful case.] If this speech was designed to be metrical, we should read—*pitious*. *Steevens*.

⁵ O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.] A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *Hymour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

"Or a *French brawl*."

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris:

"— How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

"*Paris*. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove." *Steevens*.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed *any sort of movements* were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the *dumps*.

In a MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, entitled, "My lady Careys *dompe*;" there is also "The Duke of Somersettes *dompe*;" as we now say, "Lady Coventry's *minuet*," &c. "If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lydian tune, or a note to a *dompe* or dolefull dittie." Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602, p. 61. *Ritson*.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, Esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Passion*. It begins in this manner:

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleeke:⁶

I will give you the minstrel.⁷

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on

"I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,

"Nor is my minde nor matter musicall;

"My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:

"Nor is my tale or talesman comicall,

"Fashions and I were never friends at all:

"I write and credit that I see and knowe,

"And mean plain troth; would every one did so."

Reed.

⁶ — the gleeke:] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion."

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*.

So, in Turberville's translation of *Ovid's Epistle from Dido to Æneas*:

"By manly mart to purchase prayse,

"And give his foes the gleeke"

Again, in the argument to the same translator's version of *Hermione to Orestes*:

"Orestes gave Achylles' sonne the gleeke." *Steevens.*

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. To *gleek* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. *Ritson.*

⁷ No money, on my faith; but the gleeke; I will give you the minstrel.] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleek-man* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a *minstrel*. See his Essay on the ancient English Minstrels, p. 55. The word *gleek* here signifies *scorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already observed: and is as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voce, and also in *The Compleat Gamester*, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90.

Douce.

— the minstrel.] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a parson was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

"Item, payd to the preacher vi s. iid.

"Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

"Item, payd to the coke xv s." *Steevens.*

your pate.. I will carry no crotchets : I 'll *re* you, I 'll *fa* you ; Do you note me ?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger :—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief³ the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,^{3*}
Then musick, with her silver sound ;*

³ *When griping grief* &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say :

“ *New gripes* of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. *Steevens.*

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

“ Where griping grief y^e hart would wou^d, (& dolful domps ye mind oppresse,

“ There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spede to geue redresse ;

“ Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salue in store :

“ In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,

“ The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights :

“ Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.

“ The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,

“ For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,

“ A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his harp.

“ Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule the ship)

“ Of Musick, whom y^e Gods assignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,

“ Sith thou both man, & beast doest moue, what wisemā thē will thee reprove ?

From the *Paradise of Daintie Deiuses*, fol. 31, b.

Richard Edwards.”

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athene Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. *Sir John Hawkins.*

Why, *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?¹

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?²

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you³ have seldom gold for sounding:

*Then musick with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Steevens.

9 *And doleful dumps the mind oppress.*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597]. It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. Steevens.

* Mr. Steevens, in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, (See Vol. II, p. 205, n. 6,) gives the music of *A Dompe of the Sixteenth Century*. *Am. Ed.*

1 — Simon Catling?] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of catgut. Steevens.

In *An historical account of Taxes under all Denominations in the Time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of *catlings* and *lutestring*," &c. A. C.

2 — Hugh Rebeck?] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebeccaquin*. See *Menage*, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "— 'Tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepherd Arsilus, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. Steevens.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,

"And the jocund *rebecks* sound——" Malone.

3 — *because such fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—*because musicians*. I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration. Steevens.

ACT V.⁴..... SCENE I.Mantua. *A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,⁵
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
 My bosom's lord⁶ sits lightly in his throne ;

⁴ *Act V.]* The Acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play ; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the Acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. *Johnson.*

⁵ *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,]* Thus the earliest copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may trust to what *I saw* in my sleep. The folio reads :

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep ;
 which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnson. *Steevens.*

The sense is, *If I may trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery*. *Johnson.*

The sense seems rather to be—"If I may repose any confidence in the flattering visions of the night."

Whether the former word ought to supercede the modern one, let the reader determine : it appears to me, however, the most intelligible of the two. *Steevens.*

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,] i. e. If I may confide in those delightful *visions*, which I have *seen* while asleep. The precise meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in Act II :

"—all this is but a *dream*,

"Too *flattering-sweet* to be substantial."

By the *eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual power, which a man asleep is enabled, by the aid of imagination, to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*. *Malone.*

⁶ *My bosom's lord —]* So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601 :

"That neither Uter nor his counsell knew

"How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. *Steevens.*

My bosom's lord —] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness ? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual ex-

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet?⁷ That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,⁸
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir

altations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-tokens of good and evil. *Johnson.*

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
"Have they been merry? which their keepers call
"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"— a lightning delight against his souden destruction."
Steevens.

⁷ *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

How doth my lady Juliet? *Malone.*

⁸ — in *Capel's monument*.] Thus the old copies; and thus Gascoigne, in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

"Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, so that

"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have substituted *Capulet's* monument. *Malone.*

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's does not, on this occasion, differ from his. *Reed.*

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!⁹—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:¹
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BAL.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd,² and other skins

⁹ — *I defy you, stars!*] The first quarto—I defy my stars. The folio reads—*deny* you, stars. The present and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. *Steevens.*

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny* you, stars.

Malone.

¹ *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:

I do beseech you, sir, have patience. *Steevens.*

So also the quarto, 1599. *Malone.*

² *An alligator stuff'd.*] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop: "He made (says Nashe) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an apothecary's crocodile, or dried alligator." *Malone.*

I was many years ago assured, that formerly, when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only. I have met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III.—It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. sometime

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,³
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man⁴ did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,⁵

before the physicians were willing to part with their amber-headed
canes and solemn periwigs. *Stevens.*

³ *A beggarly account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would
read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the
boxes were *empty*, the account was more *beggarly*, as it was more
pompous. *Johnson.*

⁴ *An if a man &c.*] This phraseology which means simply—*If*,
was not unfrequent in Shakspeare's time and before. Thus, in
Lodge's Illustrations, Vol. I, p. 85: "—meanys was maid unto
me to see an yf I would appoynt" &c. *Reed.*

⁵ *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto
reads:

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,⁶
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes.

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression stare within thy eyes. Steevens.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus :

Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes ; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy, not thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation. *Ritson.*

The modern reading was introduced by Mr Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited :

“Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.”

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus :

“And dost thou fear to violate the law ?

“The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,”

“And therefore make no conscience of the law.

“Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,

“And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistich. *Malone.*

⁶ *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare :

“Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

“Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” *Steevens.*

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“Upon thy back where misery doth sit.

“O Rome,” &c.

Jeronimo was performed before 1590. *Malone.*

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,⁷

⁷ *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each Friar has always a companion assigned to him by the superior when he asks leave to go out ; and thus, says Barette, they are a check upon each other. *Steevens.*

In *The Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur.* *Append. p. 448. H. White.*

By the Statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, ch. 22, it is declared—That no batchelor or scholar shall go into the town without a companion as a witness of his honesty, on pain for the first offence to be deprived of a week's commons, with further punishment for the offence if repeated. *Reed.*

*Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, &c.]* So, in *The Tragickall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies ;
“ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
“ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
“ But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
“ Of his profession, straight a house he findeth out,
“ In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our author, having occasion for Friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,⁸ but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I 'll go and bring 't thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;⁹

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words, therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother. *Malone.*

⁸ — was not nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second Book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

“ My sonne, eschewe thilke vice. —

“ My father elles were I nice.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

“ — the most complaint of all,

“ Is to thinkin that I have be so nice,

“ That I ne would in vertues to me call,” &c.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“ You must appeare to be straunge and nyce.”

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *sot*. *Apol. Herod. L. I. c. iv. Steevens.*

See Vol. XI, p. 118, n. 8. *Malone.*

⁹ *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

“ Lest that the lady should before I come

“ Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye

“ To free her from that tombe of miserie.” *Steevens.*

She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,¹
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,

¹ *Fair Juliet, that with angels &c.*] These four lines from the old edition. *Pope.*

The folio has these lines:

“Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;
“O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
“Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
“Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.
“The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
“Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

Johnson.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. *Stevens.*

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. *Malone.*

With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.²

[*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch,
Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st, or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring; a ring, that I must use

In dear employment:³ therefore hence, be gone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;⁴

More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

² — muffle *me, night, a while.*] Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,

“Do muffle him againe —.”

Muffle was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it:

“Unmuffle ye faint stars” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress. See Vol. III, p. 125, n. 1. *Steevens.*

³ — *dear employment*:] That is, *action of importance*. *Gems* were supposed to have great powers and virtues. *Johnson.*

See Vol. IV, p. 366, n. 6.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense:

“Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

Catiline, Act I. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *savage-wild*;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy. *Steevens.*

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship—Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable⁵ maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—[*Advances.*]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,⁶

⁵ — détestable —] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and détestable lyes.”

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, Act III, sc. iii :

“ And I will kiss thy détestable bones.” *Steevens.*

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595 :

“ Such détestable vile impiety.” *Malone.*

⁶ Heap not &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599, and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not ; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorised reading—*pull*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — thou *heapest*

“ A year's age on me.”

Again, in a Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Lady Drury :
“ *Heape* not your harmes where helpe ther is none,” &c. See Nichols's *Progresses* &c. Vol. II, p. 36, F. 2, b.

After all, it is not impossible our author designed we should read—*Pluck* not &c. Thus, in *King Richard III* : “ — sin will *pluck* on sin.” *Steevens.*

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,⁷
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls*].—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dice.*]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,
 “For she of heaped sorrows hath to speak, and not of sin.”

Malone.

⁷ *I do defy thy conjurations,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do some villainous shame on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, Tom. II, p. 244: “—the watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs to abuse the dead bodies, for aide of their arte.” The folio reads:

I do defy thy commiseration.

Among the ancient senses of the word—to *defy*, was to *disdaine*, refuse, or deny. So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“Or, as I said, for ever I *defy* your company.”

Again, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

“My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. viii:

“Foole, (said the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*.”

Paris may, however, mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart. *Steevens.*

I do defy thy conjurations,] So the quarto, 1597. Instead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiseration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the same word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of these words, “*I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart,*” is in my apprehension the true one.

Malone.

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?⁸
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern,⁹ slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence¹ full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.²

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*]

⁸ — or did I dream it so? Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly subjoins:

“But I will satisfy thy last request,

“For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.”

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit these lines, though perhaps he has not substituted better in their room.

Steevens.

⁹ A grave? O, no; a lantern,] A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinbrough Castle*:

“This lofty seat and lantern of that land,

“Like lodestarr stode, and lokte o'er eu'ry streete.”

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 12th chapter of the 35th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*: “—hence came the *louters* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples” &c.

Steevens.

¹ — presence —] A presence is a publick room. *Johnson.*

A presence means a publick room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in *The Two Noble Gentlemen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,—

“His chamber hung with nobles, like a presence.”

M. Mason.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: “—the king sent for the wounded man into the presence.” *Malone.*

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“The darkest dungeon which spite can devise

“To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes

“Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber

“In Paris Louvre.” *Steevens.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I
 Call this a lightning?³—O, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:⁴
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

² — by a dead man interr'd.] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. *Malone.*

Till I read the preceding note, I supposed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the side of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the same monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like some of those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. *Steevens.*

³ — O, how may I

Call this a lightning?] I think we should read:

— O, now may I

Call this a lightning? — *Johnson.*

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, says he, (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*?

Ritson.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But how, &c.* which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. *Malone.*

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatick pieces. So, in the Second Part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"I thought it was a *lightning* before death,

"Too sudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th *Iliad*:

"— since after this he had not long to live,

"This *lightning* flew before his death."

Again, in his translation of the 18th *Odyssey*:

"— extend their cheer

"To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers death." *Steevens.*

⁴ *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,*

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. III: "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body." *Steevens.*

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks

"Do yet retain some notes of former grace,

"And ugly death sits faire within her face." *Malone.*

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.⁵—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;⁶
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;⁷

⁵ — *beauty's ensign yet*

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag &c.] So, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594:

“And nought respecting death (the last of paines)

“Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)

“Upon his new-got spoil,” &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only says:

“—— ah, dear Juliet,

“How well thy beauty doth become this grave!”

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.

Steevens.

⁶ — *Ah, dear Juliet,*

Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.] So, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594:

“Ah, now, methinks, I see *death dallying seeks*

“*To entertain itselfe in love's sweete place.*” *Malone.*

That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.] Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the power of beauty, tells us:—“But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stricken a sweet young virgin with his dart, hee fell in love with the object.”—Burton refers to Angerianus; but I have met with the same story in some other ancient book of which I have forgot the title. Steevens.

⁷ — *my everlasting rest;]* See a note on scene 5th of the preceding Act, p. 354, n. 3. So, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“—— could I set up my rest

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!⁸—
 Come, bitter conduct,⁹ come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love!—[*drinks*] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves?¹—Who's there?

“That he were lost, or taken prisoner,

“I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play:

“*Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.” *Stevens.*

⁸ — *Eyes, look your last!*

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!] So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest

“The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,

“O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest

“The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss!

“And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,

“Motives of love, born to be matched never,

“Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last Act of the present tragedy.

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. *Malone.*

⁹ *Come bitter conduct,*] Marston also in his *Satires*, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:

“Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.” *Malone.*

¹ — *how oft to-night*

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?²

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I 'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,³

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
“Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”
Again, in *King Richard III*, Hastings, going to execution, says:
“Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble*.”

Steevens.

² *Who is it &c.*] This very appropriate question I have restored from the quarto 1597.

To *consort*, is to keep company with. So, in Chapman's version of the 23d *Iliad*:

“——’Tis the last of all care I shall take,

“While I *consort* the careful.” *Steevens.*

³ *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

Let me add, that this passage appears to have been imitated by Quintus Calaber, XIII, 125:

“Πότμον ὅμως ὀρώμεν ἐμπροσθεν.” *Steevens.*

And that my master slew him.

Fri.

Romeo?— [*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?

And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.⁴

[*JUL. wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;⁵

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;⁶

⁴ *The lady stirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

“*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and stirs.

“*Lav.* [*in the tomb*] Where am I? bless me! Heaven!

“*'Tis very cold, and yet here 's something warm.*

“*Mar. Jun.* She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.

“Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,

“And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

“*Lav.* O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—

“What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus:

“I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband.” *Malone.*

⁵ —and unnatural sleep;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was unnatural, being brought on by drugs. *Steevens.*

⁶ *Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;*] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any literal translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative at the conclusion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. *Malone.*

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;⁷
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare stay no
longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,⁸
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm!

I Watch. [within] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[Snatching ROMEO's dagger.]⁹

⁷ *Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;*] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide:

“The weary watch discharg'd did hie them home to sleep.”
Again:

“The watchmen of the town the whilst are passed by,
“And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb
they spy.” *Malone.*

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, where the scene lies at Messina, our author has also introduced *Watchmen*; though without suggestion from any dull poem like that referred to on the present occasion.

See, however, *Othello*, Act I, sc. i, Vol. XVI, in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the strongest evidence, the present assertion relating to there being *no watch in Italy*. *Steevens.*

⁸ *O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,*] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

Ah churl! drink all, and leave no drop for me!
The other:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after? *Malone.*

⁹ *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boistean*, Tom. II, p. 244: “Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart.” *Steevens.*

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's

This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and let me die.¹ [*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*]
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;²—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

dagger as hanging at *his side*; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then past deadly fear (for life ne had she care,)

"With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware." *Malone.*

¹ — [*there rust, and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;

"Rest in my bosom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy sheath." *Stevens.*

² *Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—* Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored:

"Raise up the Montagues. Some others, go.

"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

"But the true ground of all *this* piteous woe

"We cannot without circumstance descry." *Johnson.*

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apology as sufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cause. *Stevens.*

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?³

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?⁴

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.⁵

³ —that they so shriek abroad?] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that is so shriek abroad.

Malone.

⁴ What fear is this, which startles in our ears?] The old copies read—in your ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson.

Malone.

⁵ This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

“This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*

“*Lies* empty on the back of Montague,

“*The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,⁶
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;⁷
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

"—this dagger hath mistooke;

"For (loe) the back is empty of yong Montague,

"And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom."

If we do not read—*it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in Juliet's bosom.*

Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its place, and "*it* mis-sheathed, i. e. "*mis-sheathed itself*" in the bosom of Juliet.

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the dagger was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,

"And thy dagger handsumly *at thy backe*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"See you the huge bum dagger *at his backe*?"

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at what part of the back it was worn. *Steevens.*

The words, "*for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague*," are to be considered as parenthetical. In a former part of this scene we have a similar construction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. *Malone.*

⁶ — [*for thou art early up*, &c.] This speech (as appears from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you, i' faith, the proverb's verified,

"*You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near." *Steevens.*

⁷ *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night*;] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

But this, I suppose, the poet rejected, on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. *Steevens.*

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene. *Ritson.*

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.⁸

Mon. O thou untaught!⁹ what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief,¹ for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.²
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

⁸ *Look, and thou shalt see.*] These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:

Look in this monument, and thou shalt see. *Steevens.*

⁹ *O thou untaught! &c.*] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius, 1603*:

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:

"Who came first to the world, should first depart.

"It not becomes the old t' o'er-live the young;

"This dealing is prepost'rous and o'er-thwart." *Steevens.*

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"If children pre-decease progenitors,

"We are their offspring, and they none of ours." *Malone.*

¹ *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet.*

Malone.

In this poem (which is subjoined to the present edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance, as I have already observed, is introduced in the last scene of *Hamlet*, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

² — *my short date of breath*

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.] So, in the 91st Psalm:
"— when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." *Malone.*

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage.
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:¹—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

¹ *Have lost a brace of kinsmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III, sc. iv, and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth Act, describes him as "a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says:

"Let me peruse this face;

"—— *Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" *Malone.*

A brace of kinsmen: —] The sportsman's term—*brace*, which on the present occasion is seriously employed, is in general applied to men in contempt. Thus, Prospero in *The Tempest*, addressing himself to Sebastian and Antonio, says:—

"But you, my *brace* of lords, were I so minded,

"I here *ſc.*—" *Steevens.*

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace² this morning with it
 brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:³
 For never was a story of more woe,
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.⁴ [Exeunt.⁵

² *A glooming peace* &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

“Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

“If either he gaspeth or gloometh.” *Steevens*.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was substituted in that of 1599. *Malone*.

³ *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? *Edwards's MSS.*

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity. *Steevens*.

⁷ — *Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his *Satires*, 1598, says:

“Luscus, what 's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know

“I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow

“Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.” *Steevens*.

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“—among the monuments that in Verona been,

“There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

“Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.”

Malone.

⁸ This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents nume-

rous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the poet.* Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* Johnson.*

* This quotation is also found in the Preface to Dryden's Fables: "Just *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit."

Steevens.



THE
TRAGICALL HYSTORY
OF
ROMEUS AND JULIET.
CONTAYNING IN IT
A
RARE EXAMPLE OF TRUE CONSTANCIE;
WITH
THE SUBTILL COUNSELS AND PRACTICES OF AN
OLD FRYER; AND THEIR ILL EVENT.

"Res est solliciti plena timoris amor."

TO THE READER.

AMID the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast!) or wylde in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode-starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke;—

Right so my muse
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle
May better shape. The eldest of them loe
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might;
And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;
Young Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:
New marriage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinke a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death;
He drinke his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe, alas! she sleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET.*

THERE is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.

* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I observed that it was founded on *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke drounde in passing to New-Haven*, by George Turberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

- "Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
- "To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
- "And of the never-fading baye did make
- "A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
- "In proufe that he for myter did excell,
- "As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
- "For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
- "When he the tale to English did translate.
- "But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
- "With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
- "Amid the seas unluckie yonth was drownd,
- "More speedie death than such one did deserve."

The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529: His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giuletta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story:

"As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet le-
velled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my youth
I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein
many brave and valiant men, for some years I served in your de-
lightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course
of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever ac-
customed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with
me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about
fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant com-

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the town doth
flow;

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and please;
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngrы eyes of those that curiously beholde;
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
Of Lombard townes, or at the least, compared with the best.
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewardе unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth to tell.

panion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradisca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my servants, travelling, perhaps impelled by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus addressed me: ‘Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, because a cruel and disdainful fair one does not love you? though I now speak against myself, yet, since advice is easier to give than to follow, I must tell you, master of mine, that, besides its being disgraceful in a man of your profession to remain long in the chains of love, almost all the ends to which he conducts us are so replete with misery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in testimony of what I say, if it so please you, I could relate a transaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way less solitary and less disagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miserable and piteous death.’—And now, upon my making him a sign of my willingness to listen, he thus began.”

The phrase, in the beginning of this passage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath*, will be best explained by some account of the author, extracted from Crescimbeni, *istoria della Volgar Poesia*, T. V. p. 91: “Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army; but, fighting against the Germans in Friuli, was so wounded, that he remained for a time wholly disabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profession of arms, he betook himself to letters,” &c.

Malone.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heart.
But sith shee doeth commaunde, whose heest I must obeye,
In moorning verse a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourned to smart:
Help eke, ye sisters three, my skillesse pen tindyte,
For you it causd, which I alas! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lovd of the common sorte, lov'd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke;
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eache others porte.
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,
Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reveld breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the gryssly sight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,
So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he sought their choler to asswage,
And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage;
But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne,
So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buysy payne.
When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he
quayle;
In hope that when he had the wasting flame suppress,
In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boord within
their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart en-
trappe,

That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove;
Onely he sought to honour her, to serve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went;
Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,
And to discover to her eye his new received wounde.
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore,

By answer did cutte off th'affections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move:
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke;
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre,
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre,
 But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If change of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:
 "What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in vayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne!
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seek to runne,
 But she the path wherein I treade with spedy flight doth shunne.
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me,
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best,
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night;
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,
 That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to start.
 He cannot staye his steppe, but forth styll must he runne,
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe against the sonne.
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
 But one among the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 "What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,
 In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forsoing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honour bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe!
 Now, for our frendships sake, and for thy health, I pray
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away
 Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate:
 In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thy self to hate.
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Loves court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?"

By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,
 Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart,
 As in his age to see the plunged deepe in vice,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise?
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth begiane
 To knowe and flye the errorr which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
 Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
 Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou starve.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong mans listning eare receivd the holosome sounde,
 And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had ground;
 That now with healthy coole y-tempredd is the heate,
 And piece-meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did
 freate.

To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
 At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete;
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne!
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischiefe new to
 brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a guest.
 Yong damselfs thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
 (For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
 Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.

When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,
 All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
 But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewties spotles hewe;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes:
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
 Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the princes
 wroth;

Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,
 They nyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God
 speede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,
 And they also behelding him their chaunge of fansies please:
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
 With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,
 And judgd who best; and who next her, was wrought in natures
 frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
 (Which Thesus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
 Of perfet shapes renowne and beauties sounding prayse,
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
 And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
 Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unscene.
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery
 heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,
 He doubtfull skasely knew what countenance to keepe;
 In Lethies flood his wonted flames were quenched and drenched
 deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
To aske her name that without force hath him in bondage folde ;
Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrly eyes ;
Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empoysonde
baite :

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte !
So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines,
Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damsell hight,
From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight,
At last her floting eyes were ancored fast on him,
Who for her sake dyd banish health and freedome from eche
limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre
As Phœbus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft :
Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loosde, so touchde her to the quicke,
That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did
sticke.

It booted not to strive. For why?—she wanted strength ;
The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length.
The poms now of the feast her heart gynes to despyse ;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
When theyr new smitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,
Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr
beames,

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it
grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by
speech,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.
With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to daunce ;
She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race :
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.
At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.
Even as a lyon would among the lambes be bolde,
Such was among the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliets snowish hand :
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,

That frozen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,
As were his handes, though nere so neere the fire he did them
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left bath loving Romeus caught.
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,
And well he wist she lov'd him best, unless she list to fayne.
Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest;
What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest?
The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,
And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him
saye,

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,
At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde:

“O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here!”

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her love drewe so nere,
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,
That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.

In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt:

What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt:

That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse?

Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this;

Fyrst ruthfully she look'd then say'd with amying chere:

“Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,

Mercutio's ysy hande had all to-frozen myne,

And of thy goodness thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.”

Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye:

“If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,

That by my being here some service I have donne

That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.

O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,

Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished harts' desire!

For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,

To serve, obey, and honour you, so long as lyfe shall last:

As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye

His falties truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.

But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,

Assure yourselfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,

Compared to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,

As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade;

Which have to set on fyre eche feling part of myne,

That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my outward parts do pyne.

And, but you have all whole, to ashes shall I toorne;

Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne.”

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,

And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.

His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,
 When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer make:
 " You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
 My honour sav'd, prest tobey your will, while life endures."
 Lo! here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,
 Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
 A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
 That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
 But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
 He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.
 With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
 Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunt-
 ed so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
 Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
 That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
 Wherefore with pitious plaint feece Fortune doth he blame,
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing
 game.

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest:
 Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde;
 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were
 harde,

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
 And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
 Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
 He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
 And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,
 Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight
 should sterue.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
 For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
 To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise;
 Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
 An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
 (This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,
 With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spyn with sylke.)
 What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
 Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
 And then, as eche of them had of his houshold name,
 So she him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—
 " And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
 That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand."
 His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your hous-
 holds rewe.

The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
 And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.

What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe?
 What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysch my woe?
 But though her grevouse paynes distraind her tender hart,
 Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart;
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,
 That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her look.
 Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyed,
 So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden karme descride.
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,
 Not half a wynde of quyet sleepe could harber in her hed;
 For loe, an huge heape of divers thoughtes arise,
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
 And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,
 And now she lyketh her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.
 Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;
 The fight was feerse, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
 In turninge masse of love she wandreth too and fro,
 Then standeth doubtful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blin,
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
 "Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in soottill snare!
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!
 Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,
 By straying thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
 What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,
 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust;
 And toornd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus
 blamd?
 A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainly written are.
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot worke by strength,
 By suttel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to worke at
 length
 So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game;
 So (I defyde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
 Of my dispraye, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomeme,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe."
 Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust
 Her troublesome thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.
 "No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,

That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted
gestes.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I see he loveth me:—shall I then be unkynd?
His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
And straight again it flashed forth, and spread in eyther cheek.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei seemed to rehearse.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilst I talke with him, himself he hatb exylde
Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.
Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.
What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?
These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,
Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For so perchance this new alliance may procure
Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure.”

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!
And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!
Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streight to frame
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.
The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spread in skies
His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,
His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye
His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.
What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-sowered not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy!
But she more sure within, unscene of any wight,
When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;

But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
 Well-armde he walketh forth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
 He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.
 Eche daye she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre
 When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
 That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;
 And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she
 wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,
 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
 His care was great, hers twice as great was, all the time before;
 For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced
 weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,
 By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy?
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
 Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:
 But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
 The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
 With whispering voice, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale be-
 gone:

“ Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,
 That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
 What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?
 Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
 In ruth and in disdayne, I, very of my life,
 With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody
 knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?
 And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare.”

“ Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
 Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
 They may in spyte of foes draw forth my lively threed;
 And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.
 But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
 Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.

Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
 A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
 If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
 I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
 This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
 That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
 The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
 And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win;
 And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,
 But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
 Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:"
 And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;
 In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest:
 Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
 With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:
 " Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
 For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
 For pity and for dred well nigh to veld up breath;
 In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
 For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,
 That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd en-
 dures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
 But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
 You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,
 In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfold,
 That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
 For if you do intende my honor to defile,
 In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:
 But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
 If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,
 Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
 The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our houtholdes grewe,
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
 And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
 You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty
 frute,

You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseekes.
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse.*

* — the hearers hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 407, l. 25:

And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,
He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down
he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake;
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make:
" Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.
In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught
What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have
sought.

And at this self same houre, I plyte you here my faith,
I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he sayth."
She was contented well; els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in schoole.
The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;
By magicks arte most men supposed that he could wonders
woorke.

Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skills to know,
If on no harmeful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;
For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
To shrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of
neede.

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
A secret and assured friend unto the Montague.

" If any man be here, whom love hath clad with care,

" To him I speak; if thou wilt speed," &c. Malone.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means so general as at present, it must have been no unfrequent practice for those who did not possess this accomplishment to gratify their curiosity by listening while some better educated person read aloud. It is, I think, scarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this Tragicall History should be sung or recited in the streets: And Sir John Maundevile, at the close of his work, intreats " alle the Rederes and HERERES of his boke, zif it plesse hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c.—p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By hereres of his boke he unquestionably intended hearers in the sense I have suggested. H. White.

Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
 As earst you heard, by skilful love found out his harmes redresse.
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advaunce;
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him
 breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.
 Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
 As well the father might have counseld him to stay
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the
 waye,

As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the houtholds wrath, this marriage might appease;
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
 The respite of a day he asketh, to devise
 What way were best, unknown, to ende so great an enterprise.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leche doth make the salve to cure:
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hartes delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the friers brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.
 The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still;—to her she doth bewray
 Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.
 Not easily she made the froward nurce to bowe,
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
 To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her best;
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre
 To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fryre.

On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift,
She shall be shrived and married:—how lyke you, noorse, this
drift?

Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes!
Aneasy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mock the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarce.
Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone;
For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares some wanton dreame the youthfull damsell
drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay;
I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saturday.
And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong;
Lord howe it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,
Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,
And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
The message answer seemed him to be of more behove.
But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.
And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: she sweares she will be-
stowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
To help him to his hoped blisse; and, cowering downe agayne,
She takes her leave, and home she hyes with spedy pace;
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling
face:

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne,
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace:

So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise:—
 And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.
 Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought;
 But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought?
 Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye;
 I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.
 How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
 No farther of then Saturday differred was the day.
 Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,
 Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
 "There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,
 Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
 And I was fully rype before, I dare well say, a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,
 When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse."
 She that this morning could her mistres mynd dissuade,
 Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
 To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not
 spare.

Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.
 For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
 And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more desart.
 Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
 There is no better way to fishe than with a golden hooke,
 Of Romeus these two do sitte and chat awhyle,
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saturday, she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saturday betimes, in sober weed y-clad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
 With her the nurse is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in church on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth
 downe

Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves;
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,
 If frier Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.

Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere ;
The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth
neere.

Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be
sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting
mayde ?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn ;
He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
For now the rest of all her parts hath found her straying hart.
Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake :
Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,
And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your
life.

Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest ?
And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.
When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
When in the prayse of wedlock state some skilfull talke was past.
When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew ;
How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
Received of Romeus ; and then they both arose.
To whom the frier then said : Perchance apart you will disclose,
Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart ;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)
“ Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time ;
By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe clyme.
Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,
And then with longer laysure had dispose our great affayres.”

These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse ;
Contented both, and yet both discontented still,
Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull souldiour, sore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from
farre,

The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace ;
Not pleasur with the sound so much, but, when the warres do
cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes forth :
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth ;
Dredeless the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held :
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,
And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest ;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost ;
The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
Art come in sight of quiet haven ; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-desyred port.
God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight !
God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.
A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurse at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face.
How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay :
For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere ;
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-
hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
 Walkes toward his desyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
 So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,
 Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes.
 The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;
 To light the waxen quarriers, the auncient nurce is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
 As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she
 hong.

A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so
 fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is;
 She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his:
 And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
 And she unto herselfe againe returned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed by fatall desteny,
 I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.
 The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,
 When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
 “Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure;
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.
 Ere this, one death had reft a thousand deaths away,
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day;
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone

Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight.”
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But forth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde.
 Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.
 Whereeto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they
 went,

Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest)
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.
 Of shyerling care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte,
 The blindfold goddessse that with frowning face doth fraye,
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes down with head-
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they forth the night, in sport, in joly game;
 The hastines of Phoebus steeds in great despyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place:
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these sely soles diseasd.

And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crime,
 With friendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
 And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.
 But who is he that can his present state assure?
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?
 So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge;
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
 But other some there are, that living long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so;
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
 Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the
 more.

Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
 And joyfull Juliet another leafe must toorne;
 As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
 But winters blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
 By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth low groveling lyes.
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,
 But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those houtholds so agree,
 But that some sparckles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
 Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,
 Till time do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spread.
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne;
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischief new begonne.
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
 Within the walles, by Pursers gate, a band of Montagewes.
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,
 Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched
 large:

"Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage;
 Let none of them escape alive."—Then he with furious rage,
 And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
 And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.
 For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,
 And rather than to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.

The woords that Tybalt usd to styrrre his folke to yre,
Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend;
To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the
thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every side; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him;
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at another full,
And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his
cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutful
wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shylde to shylde set fast,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.
And whilst this noyse is rife in every townesmans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus
heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;
With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
Gods farther wrath you styrrre, beside the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the sword, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus
harmde.

Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other waigthy cause my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.
Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye:—
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shylde.
And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward:
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And gave him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne..

Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,
 His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;
 Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,
 His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage;—
 Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by fight.
 Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the skye,
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to
 flye;

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt
 slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrrre a dedly stryfe!
 Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.
 The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.
 The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should go into exyle.
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;
 His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both housholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
 Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrrred stryfe.
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
 Brom side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
 To helpe his frends, and serve the state; which hope within a
 howre

Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,
 Without his falt, unto the seely Romeus;
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,
 The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull
 harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
 (Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)

A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,
That he released of exyle might straight retoorne againe.
But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet!
How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe sighes doth
she fet!

How doth she tear her heare! her weede how doth she rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment!
How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well!
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,
With wretched sorrowes cruell sound she fils the empty ayre:
And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and
flowre.

But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
Unto her chaumber there she hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,
That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,
Through which she had with joye seene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe! acurst be every pane,
Through which, alas! to sone I raught the cause of life and banc,
If by thy meane I have some slight delight received,
Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous?
That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke
To bear so great unwelcde lode upon so weake a backe,
Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rife,
At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode;
For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth.
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would have sought occasion how
By such an beynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;

Whereby your bright renoun all whole yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it
 fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,
 My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
 In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.
 What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?
 What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your
 thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
 Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament,
 That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
 Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in
 store;

And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,
 And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feble voyce gan say:

"Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;
 For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gytles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?
 Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,
 In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."
 These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
 And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assaile;
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:
 Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present
 death.

The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,
 Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her:
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;
 Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
 Her limmes stretched out, her outward parts as any marble cold.

The nurse supposde that she had payde to death her det,
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet:
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name;
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same:
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her
 toes,

And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot;
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurse she
 spies.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
 "Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with
 mischaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corse?
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?
 Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
 The nurse with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
 "Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,
 This hower large and more I thought, so God me save,
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely
 grave."

"Alas, my tender nurse, and trusty frende, (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne."
 Her nurse then aunswered thus—"Methinkes it fits you yll
 To fall in these extremities that you may gyltles spill.
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurse;
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.
 Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
 To call him backe againe? thinke you that he vour crying heares?
 You shall perceiue the falt, if it be justly tryde,
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
 To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,

To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve?
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease as never erst you had;
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
 He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you shall know all and
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
 Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.
 But if you gyn eft sones, as erst you did, to moorne,
 Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
 With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppressse,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her
 brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
 Then vanish they by hope of scape; and thus the lady lyes
 Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre:
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme they white
 and fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne;
 So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
 And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might
 gyve,

He sought somewhere unscene to lurke a littel space,
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.

In doutfull happe aye best a trusty frend is tryde;
 The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.
 A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out;
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
 That neither winde nor smoky damps have powre him ought to
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe
 Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne
 Is published by trumpets sound; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurse with spedy pace
 Was comme the nerest way; she sought no ydel resting place.
 The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
 And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly devise.
 Those joyfull newes the nurse brought home with merry joy;
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or else of death.
 Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
 But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.
 This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
 And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere in brakes his waltring found,
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.
 He riseth eft, and strikes his hed against the wals,
 He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
 "Come spedy death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,
 Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe re-
 move,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decays.
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our
 eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increase,
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe,
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr spedy wrongs redresse,
 That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse."
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swowlen
 eyes.

These thinges the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.

But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.
 His wise and friendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
 With voyce with plaint made horee, with sobs, and with a faltring
 tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rife;
 The time and place of byrth he feersly did reprove,
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:
 The fatall sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne
 forth too long.

He wished that he had before his time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne:
 By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Loves troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short;
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
 Unconstant, fônd, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
 "Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
 So that I stooode in doute, this howre at the least,
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes
 redres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,
 Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
 And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdom's schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,
 As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdomes bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords
 be wise.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou
 finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
 Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
 But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
 And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,
 But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
 Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise man
 straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
 But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
 And sorow seke to set himselfe in banishd pleasures place,

Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,
And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall
smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse?
Thou better canst advise thyselfe, then I can thee advise.
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wisemans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth blind;
But if that reasons beames againe might shine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy
crye.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten
death.

By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?
Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart?
Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?
Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hate?
Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.
For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,
He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely harts delight.
So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in;
To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
Is onely cause of thy unrest; onely thou dost lament
That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
Enforst to flye from her that hath the keeping of thy hart:
And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feelee,
Thou dost complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning
wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,
All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
Though forward fortune chase thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
Admit thou shouldst abyde abroad a year or twayne,
Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.
Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet must thou misse,
The only pillar of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.

Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,
 And in thy breast inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
 With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
 So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
 Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame;
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
 Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne?
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne?
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last!
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayased up agayne,
 With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.
 The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently,
 And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.
 Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
 To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
 His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.
 As blackest cloudes are chased by winters nimble wynde,
 So have his reasons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.
 As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
 Now his affections veale removed from his eyes,
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thanks the fater for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
 And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;
 But sound advise aboundes in hides with horish heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
 But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
 Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences skill.
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his affayres at large.
 He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
 (Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
 How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
 Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassuage,
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:
 And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre;

So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
 That even as oft, as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,
 And in distres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;
 Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counsellesse? canst thou no shift devise?
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguise?
 What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,
 To scape the bondage of theyr friends? thyselfe can aunswer,
 yes.

Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes
 you blew?

My teares, my friendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold.
 The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
 And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he spake:

Ah Juliet, (quothe he) the mistres of my hart,
 For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the fervent frendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,
 At once these fansies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
 To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teach every wight to shonne.
 For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
 And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
 And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his sight.
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;
 I as a ravisher, thou as a careles ohilde,
 I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
 Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
 Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath;

If thou be bent to obey the love of reasons skill,
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine own delight,
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of sight)
 Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile:
 So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,
 So shall thy kinsmen be unстыrd, and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last;
 These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantasie;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the
 woorse,

And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne:
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
 That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.
 But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
 Not in mans weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,
 But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.
 Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy hart,
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy
 smart.

For of this one thyng thou mayst well assured bee,
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."
 The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere
 straight:

"Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will;
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
 Of all the powre that over you yourselfe did graunt to me;
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
 The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall
 stand.

And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest..

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,
 In payne and plaint, not as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;

Whose course appoynted is with speedy race to rome,
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westernne wave doth sinke;
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.
 As yet he sawe no day, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorrowfull leave do take;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship
 shake.

Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revêge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over sore.

The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and
 course to kepe,

And Verone gates awide the porters had set open.
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence spoken,
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
 With woordes of comfort to his old afflicted syre;
 And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre,
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
 And he of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
 He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?
 Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest;
 No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.
 For when in toorning skies the heavens lamps are light,
 And from the other hemisphere fayre Phœbus chaseth night,
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
 And then his sighs the chaumber fill, and out aloud he cries
 Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.

Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titans restles steedes of restines do stay;
Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandered farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he spendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he end-
eth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves en-
joye?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,
He wayleth most his wretchednes that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayse of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
When pleasant songes he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melodye of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
The place itselfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.
To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,
Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him
glad.

And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.
And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge,
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewe betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne
she would;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,
Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare.
The carefull mother markes; then of her helth afrayde,
Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde:
"Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,
I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short
Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more
Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,
For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill:
It is a falt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."
The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,
With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:
"Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed;

Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me;
 That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
 No more hencforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping
 bryne.

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
 And loth to vexe her chyde by woordes, her pace she warly
 hent.

But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sor-
 row,

All meanes she sought of her and houshold folke to know
 The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteless mone doth
 growe.

But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
 Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
 And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
 She thought it good to tell the syre how ill this childe did fare.
 And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde:
 "Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the
 mayde,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
 Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
 Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
 Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contenta her hart
 So much, as in the chaumber close to shut herselfe apart:
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she
 finde.

But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus
 abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
 And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
 She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.
 This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes.
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
 She shed the last of Tybalts teares; which words amasd me so
 That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:
 But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
 The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne
 Is grudging envies faynt disease; perhaps she doth disdayne
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,
 Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.

And more perchance she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;
Wherefore dispayring doth she weare herselfe away with woe.
Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a bricke thing is glasse, and frayle is skillesse, youth.
Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:
So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,
So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."
Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
And to the mothers skilful talke thus straightway aunswered he.
"Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;
Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But since her state doth stande on termes so perillous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,
With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,
That you shall rest content, so waresly will I choose,
And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of
mone."

This pleasaunt aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the maydens svre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for marriage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
As also well brought up, and wise; her fathers onely heyre.
Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to syre.
Of all the suters hym the father lyketh best,
And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuaude the mayde.
The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But straight she lyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather
Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.
The person of the man, the features of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,
With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the
skyes.

She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,
 Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake :

“Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
 Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.
 Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose;
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part:
 Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart;
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;
 And you, my mother, shall becomene the murdresse of my lyfe,
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
 Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
 To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
 Cease all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more;
 But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
 In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke
 Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke
 Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,
 And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and
 handes.

And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought;
 She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
 The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no
 leysure;

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,
 But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
 Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stooode in awe,
 The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
 The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
 Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes;
 So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes:
 When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
 Muet she is; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage

(Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde):
 "Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;
 Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?
 How much the Romaine youth of parentes stooode in awe,
 And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe?
 Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When so they stooode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the powre of lyfe and sodayn death.
 What if those good men should agayne receive the living breth?
 In how straight bondes would they the stubborne body bynde?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would
 they fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdness of thy life,
 Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe?
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
 One of the greatest lordes that wounnes about this towne,
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renouwe.
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
 So rich ere long he shal be left, his fathers welth is such,
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
 From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case
 The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill
 Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent
 To Countie Paris sitte, and promise to agree
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,
 Not only will I geve all that I have away
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee
 breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,
 And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my
 vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
 That thou shouldest once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe;
 And what revenge of olde the angry syres did fynde
 Agaynst theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-
 kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away;
 Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.

And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the
floore,

Then she that oft had seene the fury of her syre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrrer his
yre.

Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteless weeping.
The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.
So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.
Her very bed betyme the wofull wight forsakes,
And to saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;
Devotion is in so young yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre forth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,
With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,
For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.
Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes
perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;
Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,
Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:
"Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For since I know I may not be the wedded wife of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my journey take,
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastfully afrayde
Lest she by dede pourme her woord, thus much to her he
sayde:

"Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,

So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
 That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
 His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
 So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
 And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne;
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn
 The chefest cause that she unknown to father or to mother,
 Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
 An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
 His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
 Even of itselfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
 The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
 That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waightly affayres unfit.
 For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
 And then with double hast retornde where woful Juliet was;
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
 "On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."
 "Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,
 For loe! saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart:
 I knowe that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,
 And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde;
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels
 sounde.

Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
 Not to the nurse thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne
 As every where is spred of me, but cheefely in this towne,
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
 But, in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
 I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.
 But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,
 That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
 One private frute more have I plucked, which thou shalt shortly
 know:

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
 And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove;
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)
 When sodayn daunger forceth me; but yet most cheefly when
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
 But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
 Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me
 blynde;

When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly
 rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
 Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder syne,
 And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
 It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,
 And mastreth all his sences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
 And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
 That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
 One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
 But paineless as a man that thinketh nought at all,
 Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall;

From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh:
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) againe it doth restore
 Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
 And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
 Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
 With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head;
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.
 Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye;
 And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
 Then drink it of, and thou shalt feelee throughout eche vayne and
 lym

A pleasant slumber slyde, and quite dispred at length
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength;
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne
 chaunce;

The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparede,
 Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
 (Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my
 daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then may'st thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy
 payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe;
 And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the stryfe,
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,
 That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy."

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she sayd—"Doubt not but that I will
 With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
 Yea, if I wist it were a venomous dedly drinke,
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should
 sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
 To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,

To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,
 That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye."
 "Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre;
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streate,
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would
 meete,

In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,
 In mynde also, apart twixt them, her duty to have tolde;
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with her wonted chere,
 As soone as she was unto her approached sumwhat nere,
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:
 "Madame, at sainte Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
 Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,
 Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place
 So long a while, without a great and just cause why;
 This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest!
 For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseased
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence eased;
 To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe:
 Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my syre,
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre;
 But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
 Made me another woman now than I had been before.
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
 That, though I sought, no sure defence my searching thought
 could finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
 And promist to be ordered by the fryers prayesd skill.
 Wherefore, albeit, I had rashely, long before,
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
 Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
 To go unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay;
 Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
 And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
 And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest
 To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
 And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out

The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to weare;
For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."
The simple mother was rapt into great delight;
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded
syer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thanks God in his hart,
And then he sayth: " This is not, wyfe, the fryers first desart;
Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father.bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place:
Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
As cunning craftsman to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,
So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinks long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,
And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
At length the wished time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approached heavy plight.
Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the same the night before,
Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.
Nothing did seeme to deere; the deerest thinges were bought;
And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought.

That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke ;
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke ;
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tride,
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe seekes to hyde.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not stick to lye,
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurces eye.
 In chaumber secretly the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.
 The flattring nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage ;
 And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,
 By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayse
 before.

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne ;
 What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.
 The pleasures past before she must account as gayne ;
 But if he doe retorne—what then ?—for one she shall have twayne.
 The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe ;
 In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe ;
 And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These words and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde disease ;
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
 But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,
 She sought, the best she could, to fayne, and temperd so her
 cheere,

That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
 Her inward woe ; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.
 Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.
 In Juliets chaumber was her wonted use to lye ;
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,
 As soone as she began her pallet to unfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els ;
 And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.
 " Dere frend, quoth she you knowe, tomorow is the day
 Of new contract ; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
 That they so smyle upon the doinges of tomorow,
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
 But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;"—
 And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;
 She little knew the close attempt her nurce-childe went about.

The nurse departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
 She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stooode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute: and lying doutefully
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to com-
 plaine:

“What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
 So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
 The deepest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
 Hath put me to this sodayne plunge, and brought to such distres.
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—”
 And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:
 “What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentis odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,
 Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
 Of carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before
 Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,
 Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindreds common grave?
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stified in the tombe?”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
 The force of her ymagining anon doth waxe so strong,
 That she surmisse she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt:
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
 Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded
 sore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side he layde,
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;

Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,
 Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
 A sweate as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender
 skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
 By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,
 Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
 Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
 The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
 And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her
 slepe;

Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
 "Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by."
 But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
 She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
 If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
 Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders sound,
 Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
 The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
 So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;
 Wherewith the seely carefull nurse was wondrously apalde.
 She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
 But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble
 colde;

Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;
 Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.
 Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,
 With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she
 can,

At last with much adoe, "Dead (quoth she) is my childe;"
 Now, "Out, alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tiger wilde,
 Whose whelpes, whilst she is gone out of her den to pray,
 The hunter greedy of his game doth kill or cary away;
 So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,
 And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
 Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,
 And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:
 "Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,
 Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,

Do now thy worst to me, once wreak thy wrath for all,
 Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
 Whereto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gonne?
 Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone!
 Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease;
 Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:
 Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,
 That dedly panges, when they assaile, shall not augment my
 smart."

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would brast;
 And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,
 The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
 And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
 Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,
 For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast;
 But when the heavv news the byden geastes did heare,
 So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance and
 theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,
 That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
 But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so
 Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,
 That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.
 In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;
 And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent
 The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;
 And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.
 If ever there hath been a lamentable day,

A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
 The same was it in which through Veron town was spred
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
 For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,
 That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
 That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;
 So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
 For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
 With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grew,
 She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
 That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
 She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
 Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
 A frier of his house, (there never was a better,
 He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,
 In which he written had of every thing at length,
 That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;
 The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
 To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
 For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;

Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
 (Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.
 This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
 That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,
 But of ~~theyr~~ covent aye should be accompanide with one
 Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
 In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.
 But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
 Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
 So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
 Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne;
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;
 Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there grewe.
 The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
 Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
 And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.
 But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus,
 The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied
 About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one;
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it seemeth straunge:
 Insteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.
 Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;
 For every houshold, if it be of any fame;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that bears the houshouldes
 name;
 Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete
 His mastérs wife; the sight with sorowe straight did wounde
 His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spy,
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
 And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
 Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;

And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him
thus:

"Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,
I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccasion of your death.
Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest;
And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde.
Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he stayde.
This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening cares;
And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:
But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his
death:

Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.
Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,
Lest that the staynes of dried teares might on his cheekes be
seene,

And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abrode;
His servant, at the masters hest, in chaumber still abode:
And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.
An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;
Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
What by no friendship could be got, with money could be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:
"Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
Somme payson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."

The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to
 rounde:

"Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,
 And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre
 To kill the strongest man alive; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
 Provide both instruments to open wide the toombe,
 And lightes to shew him Juliet; and stay, till he shall commē,
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dy^m
 make:

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
 But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull masters will.
 Would God, he had herein broken his masters hest!
 Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!
 But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
 Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,
 And in few lines he did of all his love dyscouse,
 How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
 The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
 And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;
 And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters cload and seald, directed to his syre,
 He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.
 When he approached nere, he waresly lighted downe,
 And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
 Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should commē,
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
 See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
 I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath,
 Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,
 Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
 Take there a letter, which, as soon as he shall ryse,
 Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
 Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
 Obediently a little way withdrew himselfe apart;
 And then our Romeus, the vault stone set up upright,
 Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.

And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
 He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;
 For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;
 He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyst;
 And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
 But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:
 His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,
 And them on diverse parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
 But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
 Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;
 Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
 And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning
 hart—

“Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
 From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost did passe,
 What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
 Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingravd?
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
 To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
 As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice
 Of lyfe, set light for love?”—but while he talketh in this wise,
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
 His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force;
 Which little and little gan to overcome his hart,
 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
 He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
 To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:
 “Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
 With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
 For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
 But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
 But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
 What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
 Who refl by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
 The same with his owne hand, thou seest, dost poyson himselfe
 to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by.”
 These sayd, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—
 “Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
 Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay.”

Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,
 That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soonē, too soone was this devorce,
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken;
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight;
 Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
 When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde:
 "There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast."
 Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe;*

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeased to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

"So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady's funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where these monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after mid-

And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,
She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.

night, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so prop'd it that it could not be fastened down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

"The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleased the Heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas, my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promised not, nor that desire which first inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I support you? and so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation; in the midst of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all times in our power, it is dastardly to desire it, and not to snatch it: and, with these words, he drew forth from his sleeve the vial of deadly poison, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what destiny conducts me to die in the midst of my enemies, of those by me slain, and in their sepulcher; but since, O my soul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bosom; when embracing the beloved maid, and strongly straining her to his breast, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmost limit of all my desires, if, after the soul is departed, any sentiment yet remains in you, or, if that soul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be displeasing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the least I should die with you sadly and secretly;—and holding the body straitly embraced, he awaited death.

"The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damsel the cold and powerful effects of the powder should have been overcome, and when she should awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and, starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kissed? and, believing it was the Frier Lorenzo, she exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you

But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :
"What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?"

safely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he said, Do you not know me, O my sweet lady? see you not that I am your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you? Julietta seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thousand kisses, saying, What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal mistake, thus began: O miserable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers! On this subject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her, in death, even there close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtile, he already felt, had sent forth death through all his limbs.

"The unfortunate damsel hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke: Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice, the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes! To this the damsel answered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself! yet still will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death: And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

"In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a sup-

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
Lest if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

position of her death she had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surprised, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immured in this dismal place; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all disheveled, and sadly grieving, had raised herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addressed himself: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclosed? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have sent me the letter? are these my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my bosom already dead!—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had passed. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? speak to me at least! cast your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo raised a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclosed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulsed, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

“The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addressed the young damsel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which she instantly replied, —here inclosed will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God; as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his finger shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and
colde;

And then perswaded her with patience to abyde
This sodain great mischaunce; and sayth, that he will soone pro-
vyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase
She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,
And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.

But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
And out they gushe;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sicknes furious rage,
Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did em-
brace,

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:
A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:

memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend, whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the task has been executed by another. *MADAM.*

" Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast
chose,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake!
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,
How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with his sight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainte foode of greedy wormes, unworthy sure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My won'ed sorowes, doubled twice, againe thus to renewe:
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have
trode?

Ah wretch and captive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull passions salve, I myst the thing I sought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!
For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
Of the most perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay
wrang."

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in
feare.

When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,
Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes;
Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;
And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)
With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
" O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,
That also art beginning of assured happines,
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite among so many ded.

And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That causd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to
 boste

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved:
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-fere "

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart!
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
 And from her corpe the sprite doth flye;—what should I say? she
 dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
 And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they spy:
 Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which, by their science ayde abuse, do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,
 In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of
 lyfe.

But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew:
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—so they
 thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under ground;
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischiefe that they found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
 Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
 Thether you might have seene whole housholds forth to ronne,
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.
 And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
 (Like as the murders brute abode through all the towne was
 blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that were founde
 Should be set forth upon a stage hye raysed from the grounde,
 Right in the selfe same fourme, shewde forth to all mens sight;
 That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
 And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should
 Be openly examined; for els the people would

Have murmured, or faynd there were some waightly cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling
teares:

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murther-
ers are;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judges words appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :
“ My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage;
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,
Ne is there any stander by can make me gylty blushe ;
Although before the face of God I doe confesse
Myselfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.
When readiest I am and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,
And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth
thinke,

Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong away throwne
downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.
The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,
(And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong sur-
mise)

May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,
That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face;
As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pitie wept:
And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,
That teares are as true messengers of mans ungylyt mynde.
Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,
You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time :

As though all howres alike had not been made above!
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve? whereby he sought to
 prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had;
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand
 To what use yron first was made, when it began;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll,
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they
 flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murder donne, or damne me of the cryme:
 No one of these hath powre, ne powre have all the three,
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve;
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that knaweth me,
 And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free:
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should
 spare.

But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,
 And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent sway,
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and sourse
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
 Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in distresse,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With strong and patient hart dyd yelde them selfe to cruell death:
 Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,
 And of theyr promyst frend shippes fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours;

How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
And twixt themselfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death
might lose;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
Under confessions cloke, to him themselfe they have addrest;
And how with solemne othes they have protested both,
That they in hart are married by promise and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They shal be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest,
good,

And all things peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleasing in Gods sight,
In secret shrift he wedded them; and they the selfe same night
Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,
As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne;
And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,
And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
To dysappoynt the earles attempt: and spotles save her mynde.
Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refused for evermore
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,
His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;
And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
His soule to be spotted some deale with small and easy cryme,
Then that the lady should, wery of lyving breath,
Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death:
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,
A certain powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man stervde,
Supposing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Desyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they
heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer
 The iudge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter;
 And, more beside, to tend that they might iudge his cause the
 better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
 And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd:
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave,
 This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretches name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde.
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr
 eyes:

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
 That in the prease there was not one that stooode at all in doute.

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,
 Here geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus:
 The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been
 knowne,

Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne;
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters heast,
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest:
 Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
 And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.
 But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre,
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryer?
 Because that many time he woorthily did serve
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
 He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame
 Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.
 But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his
 age;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
 Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
 That with their emptyed tears theyr choler and theyr rage
 Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could as-
 swage,

Nor threatening of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Iove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
 The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
 The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
 In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.
 On every side above were set, and eke beneath,
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
 And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;*
 So that among the monuments that in Verona been,
 There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar,
 at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the
 xix day of November, An. do. 1562.

* Breval says in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide shewed him an old building, then converted into a house for orphans, in which the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been; but it was then destroyed. *Malone.*

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